

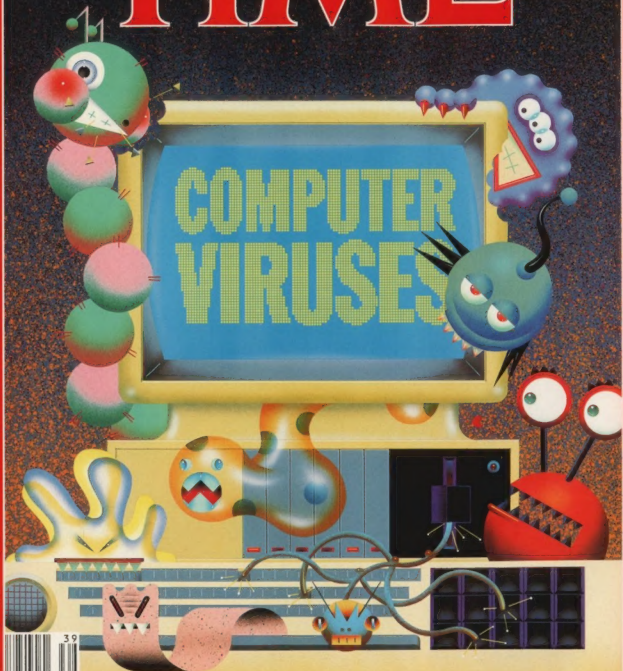
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A message from John V. Roach

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COVER: An epidemic of "viruses" strikes terror in the computer world

62

Late at night . . . a sudden beep, a burst of light and a taunting message on the screen: GOTCHA! Forty years after the dawn of the computer era, machines across the U.S. are being infected by a new contagion—small but deadly programs that disrupt operations, destroy data and raise disturbing questions about the vulnerability of information systems everywhere. See TECHNOLOGY.



NATION: In a season for scary weather, Hurricane Gilbert proves to be a monster

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The biggest storm of the century in the western hemisphere devastates Jamaica and parts of Mexico and sends thousands of Gulf Coast residents fleeing for safety. Jamaica's hard-won social and economic recovery is threatened. ▶ A scorecard for judging the candidate debate. ▶ The next President must respond to Gorbachev with new thinking of his own: a campaign essay.



WORLD: Peace breaks out between the U.S. and a newly resurgent United Nations

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Washington agrees to more than \$500 million in back payments in recognition of U.N. reforms and diplomatic triumphs. ▶ Where is the outrage over Iraq's use of chemical weapons? ▶ The armed forces seize power in Burma. ▶ In Frankfurt, a TWA captain testifies that Accused Hijacker Mohammed Ali Hammadi committed murder. ▶ A coup ousts Haiti's military ruler.



54 Economy & Business
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70 Medicine
Scientists implant parts of the human immune system in mice, a feat that holds promise for AIDS research and testing new drugs.

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Reaching for a younger audience, the *Christian Science Monitor* comes to TV. ▶ *USA Today* also debuts on the tube.

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A. Bartlett Giamatti grew up loving books and the Boston Red Sox. Next April he becomes commissioner of major league baseball.

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In a high-flying blossom of color, the grandest gathering of athletes in the history of the world marks the opening of the Seoul Games.

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Cover: Illustration by José Cruz

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Letters

Alms Control

To the Editors:

The trouble with your story "Begging: To Give or Not to Give" is that it tries to answer the wrong question [LIVING, Sept. 5]. The important things to ask are: Why, in one of the most affluent societies in the history of civilization, have our streets become "desperate crossroads"? What has produced a society whose members can walk by suffering humans without batting an eye or, at best, with only a passing twinge of conscience? Questions of social justice and simple compassion should precede any self-justifying inquiry about how to respond to panhandlers.

Joanna Adams
Decatur, Ga.



A promotion brought me to New York City from the Bay Area in 1986. Here I found the sheer number of beggars on the streets and subways often unbearable. After hearing arguments on both sides about whether to give, I have chosen to donate some change or singles. The odds are probably 2 to 3 that the individual is a drug addict, an alcoholic or a lazy bum, but who am I to judge? Being accosted by a beggar isn't tough. Ignoring one is painful. Anyone who disagrees hasn't lived or worked in this city.

Anthony B. Sanguinetti
New York City

I thought I was unshakably liberal until I moved to Manhattan. After two short months, I have grown impervious to sob stories and rattling change cups. Just when I was starting to feel guilty, I saw a beggar on the Upper West Side squirting catsup on his gauze-wrapped legs. Ludicrous scenes like that convince me that I should keep my change, but they do little to relieve my fear of a violent retaliation.

Jean Ann Murphy
New York City

While in Chicago, I was accosted by a panhandler, whom I cautiously passed by. Now I regret that I did not follow my in-

stinct to give the man money. It is inconsequential to me whether the money would have been used for food or alcohol if it would have bought him happiness for one fleeting moment. The belief that poverty is always the result of laziness may allow America to justify its gross imbalance of wealth.

Kathryn M. Grunder
Bellbrook, Ohio

So much for Reaganomics and the trickle-down theory.

Michelle K. McDonough
Los Angeles

Wrong Source

A quote from Soviet Journalist Yuri Shchekochikhin about gang warfare in my story "Crime Inc. Comes to Moscow" [WORLD, Sept. 12] was attributed to General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev. I would appreciate it if the record would show that Shchekochikhin was the source.

John Kohan
TIME Bureau Chief
Moscow

Old Glory Flare-Up

Bravo for your article "Taking the Pledge" [NATION, Sept. 5], which so clearly shows the ridiculous nature of the fuss going on over the Pledge of Allegiance. Surely George Bush has completely oversimplified the issue of patriotism. Standing with hand over heart and reciting a pledge do not prove that one is seriously concerned about liberty and justice. We must question how much substance is behind the Vice President's extravagant show of patriotism. His focus on this subject is misplaced and far removed from the topics that have any real impact on people in this country.

Chandi Wyant
Soquel, Calif.

Instead of making a fetish of the Pledge of Allegiance, why not require every pupil in America to begin each day by reciting the Bill of Rights? I'm sure this would pass the constitutionality test, and it might just safeguard our next generation against domestic fascism.

Nick Humez
Portland, Me.

Hurrah for George Bush and his stand on the Pledge of Allegiance! My husband was a career military officer. During his last, foreign assignment, the only place we could see the flag was the American embassy. Part of our Sunday ritual every week (with our four children included) was to drive by the embassy to view the flag, and it never failed to raise a lump in our throats. Perhaps children today would develop pride in our country and flag by pledging allegiance.

Laura A. Wirt
San Leandro, Calif.

Letters

Our Pledge of Allegiance was ruined when the words "under God" were added. I dare say many of the Founding Fathers would not have approved of the pledge in its present form.

Vaughn P. Drake Jr.
Lexington, Ky.

Baby-Boomer Politics

According to the American viewpoint, the Viet Nam conflict belongs solely to the baby-boom generation [NATION, Sept. 5]. We are the ones who fought and died in it, reported it, fled to Canada, joined the National Guard, protested or did whatever our consciences dictated. The candidates we elect will be a major force in determining future U.S. policy. If all groups mentioned here were disqualified, there would be no one left from our generation to run for office.

Michael L. Bandelier
Kalamazoo, Mich.

The emergence of baby boomers for consideration on a national level for political and judicial office has not been going well. The particular problems of the 1960s are haunting that age group, but it is still too early to evaluate the baby boomers' true coming of age.

Karl Kuechenmeister
New York City

The period of the late '60s and early '70s was a distinct component in the development of the baby-boom generation. Avoiding the draft and trying drugs were widespread phenomena and not necessarily frowned upon. Those who were youths then have matured and are becoming dominant in business and politics. If wisdom is the compassionate and intelligent use of experience, should we deny it in those who were touched by the draft and the drugs of those turbulent times?

Kevin A. Cover
Ottawa

In Praise of Dame Cicely

My thanks to people like Dame Cicely Saunders for their work in establishing the modern hospice [PROFILE, Sept. 5]. Having lost a mother to cancer when I was 15, I can relate to the need for people to be able to die with dignity and share death with loved ones. My youngest sister was not allowed to visit our dying mother until her last days. For a ten-year-old, a gradual parting would have been less traumatic than the shock of seeing her mother on her deathbed.

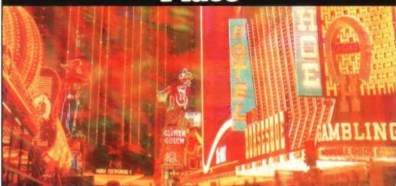
Cynthia Marsh
Uncasville, Conn.

I had vaguely heard of the hospice movement years ago, but it had no real relevance to my life. This summer my father died of melanoma, with dignity and at home. The hospice program of the University of Pennsylvania Cancer Center ar-

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VODKA DRINKERS DEFECT TO RUM.

If we flat-out claimed that rum and tonic makes a better drink than vodka and tonic, you'd think we were biased.

Which is why we commissioned a "blind" taste test among vodka and tonic drinkers.

We asked them to choose between the best selling vodka and a selection of rums from Puerto Rico.

Each was mixed with tonic. But did that make things truly equal? Ours, after all, was a less familiar taste. Theirs was a tradition.

Yet, fully 47%—almost half—preferred rum and tonic to the tried-and-true vodka and tonic.

We assume that's because the rums of Puerto Rico, which are aged by law for one year, have a warmer, more alive character than vodka.

What else could explain such a defection?



RUMS
OF
PUERTO
RICO

Letters

ranged for daily visits by home health-care workers and a registered nurse, as well as 24-hour emergency support. The comfort and care we were able to give my father, a man who loved life, loved people and loved his family, would have been impossible without the hospice.

*Suzanne Johnson-Ritz
Salem, Mass.*

Citizens' Lobby

We should all rejoice that Common Cause, the "citizens' lobby," has had the money and the courage to oppose those who seek to influence Congress for their own selfish motives [NATION, Sept. 5]. The fact that Common Cause spent \$2.56 million to pressure Congressmen for the common good rather than on behalf of special interests is to be applauded, not considered as evidence that the lobby is just one more group trying to corrupt Congress.

*Harvie Barnard
La Conner, Wash.*

You unfairly claim that my organization has "frequently intimidated the elderly into donating even when no one was attacking their benefits." Few would dispute that there have been repeated attacks during the 100th Congress on programs important to seniors. We make no apology for lobbying hard against these proposals. Seniors are not intimidated into joining our organization; rather, they recognize that it is a no-nonsense advocacy group willing to take on tough fights. One senior who is aware of this fact is Representative Claude Pepper, of Florida, who recently stated, "The National Committee to Preserve Social Security and Medicare is becoming one of the most effective of all the organizations representing the interests of older Americans."

*James Roosevelt, Chairman
National Committee to Preserve
Social Security and Medicare
Washington*

Philistine Dig

I read your article "Giving Goliath His Due" [SCIENCE, Aug. 29] with great interest. However, I question your conclusion that "after 3,000 years, Goliath's people are vindicated at last." That the Philistines were "sophisticated architects and town planners" does not mean they were a righteous people. The Germans under Hitler were building autobahns and other impressive structures. The Philistines are infamous not because they lacked culture but because they worshiped idols and persecuted the people of Israel.

*(The Rev.) John T. Chewing
McAlester, Okla.*

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American Scene

In Vermont: When Woody Allen Meets L.L. Bean

A vram Patt shifts his straw hat and announces that the next song will be *Wild Night in Odessa*. Then he goes back to his drums, and all hell breaks loose. The six-member Nisht Geferlach klezmer band erupts into the raucous, sometimes haunting music that one member describes as "Dixieland meets Eastern Europe." Patt, 37, the soloist, explains every song in English before singing in fluid Yiddish, his language of record as a boy in the Amalgamated cooperative houses in the West Bronx.

Nisht Geferlach, which roughly means "no big deal" in Yiddish, wafts into the thick summer night from the steps of the white clapboard Grace United Methodist Church in Plainfield, Vt. The Yiddish folk music that originated in Eastern Europe carries across the lawn as children dance in ragged circles under the pines. Their parents sit on the old stone wall, clapping along with *Lebn Zol Kolombus* (Long Live Columbus), a staple of the old Yiddish theater that once thrived along New York City's Second Avenue. The music is as mystifying as it is exotic to most folks in these parts. "People walk up to us all the time and say, 'What the hell was that?'" reports Accordion Player Rick Winston.

Nisht Geferlach is the only klezmer band in northern New England, the only one. Patt proclaims with a grin, to play at the Knights of Columbus in South Burlington. And Patt, who is chairman of the Plainfield board of selectmen, is surely the only elected official around here who spoke Yiddish until he was five.

But then, how many Jewish sled-dog trainers can there be? Damned few besides Ed Blechner, 41, over in Addison. This mountain man was born in Queens and frequented an Orthodox synagogue in the wilds of Great Neck, N.Y. And what about the Beth Jacob Synagogue in Montpelier, where Orthodox, Conservative and Reform all worship together under the same roof? There's a Nobel Peace Prize in there somewhere. "Unfortunately, this is newsworthy in the Jewish world," concedes R.D. Eno, publisher of a bimonthly

called *KFARI*, which means "my town" in Hebrew, and subtitled *The Jewish Newsmagazine of Rural New England and Quebec*.

What is this—Woody Allen meets L.L. Bean? The American Jew is supposed to be an urban creature, not a New England rustic. Most synagogues are in cities and their environs. So are Neil Si-

away from that." Many college-age Jews in the late '60s and '70s left the cities for the arresting landscapes of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont in the back-to-the-land movement—a diaspora from the Diaspora, says Eno. After the novelty of clean air wore off, this Jewish *Big Chill* contingent confronted the harsh realities of isolated rural life, compounded by the

gnawing issue of their lapsed Jewishness. "We're just at the stage of finding out what works," says Rick Schwag, 35, who runs the Para-Rabbi Foundation up in Lyndonville. Schwag's organization sends rabbis to Jews requesting instruction in prayer services and rites. "Individuals who have been isolated up here until now are emerging into a community." Adds Wild: "You can throw away the structure, but what do you do with the content? That's where we are now."

Moonie, Kona and Ed Blechner's ten other sled dogs lie inert in the August heat, dreaming, no doubt, of a 50-mile run at 20 below. Blechner, meanwhile, tries to explain his odyssey from Queens to Addison. He has not attended synagogue regularly since late childhood, when, in preparation for his Bar Mitzvah, he walked to shul, or synagogue, and avoided automobiles and telephones on the Sabbath. Then came varsity football at Union College and Outward Bound's Hurricane Island School and a world beyond Great Neck. "I used to feel funny among Jews," he recalls. "I had taken myself

so far away that I was a stranger in my own house. I just got too assimilated."

Blechner's Jewishness is slowly surfacing in his solitary life on six acres at the foot of Snake Mountain. "I couldn't flush it out," he says. He wants a family, and he knows that children trigger the heritage question. "What are you going to do, send them to the Congregational church?" he asks. But he has more immediate concerns: "How do you meet a nice Jewish girl up here? There are no Jewish singles weekends. Are there women living similar life-styles? Whom do you relate to up here about that?"

Christmas in the country is a spooky



No big deal: a klezmer band and a sled-dog trainer make Jewish life work

mon and the diamond district. "Our ghosts aren't there," explains Publisher Eno about the country. Rabbi Daniel Siegel of Hanover, N.H., recalls, "If someone wanted to have a garden, people would say, 'So go to Israel.'"

Northern New England, however, is alive with young Jews, mostly urban émigrés, doing interesting things with their lives and their religion. "The pop American Jewishness, the Woody Allen thing, had no underpinnings," explains Ron Wild, a Montpelier resident from Atlanta who heads the annual Conference on Judaism in Rural New England. "It was easy to reject. A lot of people walked

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LITTLE, BROWN



American Scene

time for rural Jews. "There's a lot of well-meaning ignorance up here," says Bruce Chalmers, 37, a Jew in Montpelier. "For many people, you're the first Jew they've ever met. They don't realize that experiencing Christmas could be inflicted." Rick Winston adds, "You're surrounded by all of these Wasps and Yankees, and at Christmastime, particularly if you have kids, you start thinking in totally new ways: Yes, I'm Jewish, and I want to talk to other Jews. Are you isolated too?"

Probably. There are five full-time rabbis, four in Burlington and one in Rutland, to minister to some 3,600 Jews scattered throughout the state. Most are clustered around cities like Burlington, which have sustained Jewish communities for more than a century. What's lacking for many is a sense of community—a cultural, if not religious, bond. Eno's *KFAR!*, published for the first time out of his house in Cabot last February, has already become a bulletin board for many Jews in the region. "The idea is that for Jews up here to make their Jewish life work, they have to do it themselves," says Rabbi Siegel, who travels around New England to synagogues without rabbis.

Many Jews of northern New England have by necessity retooled the structures of their religious lives in ways that would appall most mainstream Jews. Take Bruce Chalmers' Beth Jacob Synagogue in Montpelier. "We're decades ahead of New York in terms of coping as a Jewish community. We don't perceive ourselves as armed camps," he says of relations between the different movements of Judaism. Beth Jacob, with about 80 families, has no rabbi. The congregation practices what Wild calls "New Age Judaism." It must grapple with issues that arise in one-synagogue communities. "You can't say that the Reform temple down the street recognizes patrilineal descent and we don't," explains Rabbi Siegel. Adds Chalmers: "There's no institutional structure. You've got to be it. That's what's so exciting."

Chalmers, a computer consultant, and his wife Judith moved to Vermont from Buffalo in 1972 for the quality of life, built their own house in the country and lived fairly secular lives. Gradually, though, things changed. Unlike Blechner, they moved into Montpelier so they could walk to shul. They shun the telephone and the automobile on the Sabbath. Their kosher meat is shipped by bus from Albany. "I moved into town to walk to a shul, even though its kitchen isn't kosher," says Chalmers, enjoying this inconsistency, which would choke a purist. "A Jew is a Jew," he says, a yarmulke perched on his head, sitting on his porch one Sunday morning. "There's no such thing as Orthodox, Conservative or Reform." Rabbi Siegel puts it another way: "They're the most militantly individualistic people you'll find anywhere." —By Sam Allis

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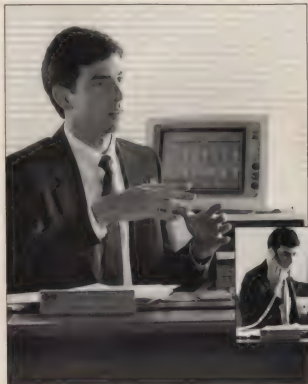
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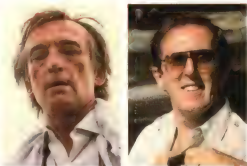
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A Letter from the Publisher

For the past several weeks, Hong Kong Bureau Chief William Stewart and Photographer Sandro Tucci have been the only Western journalists in Burma. In normal times that would not be surprising; since the country's last democratic government was ousted in a 1962 coup, Burma has been virtually closed to visiting foreign correspondents. Yet during the past six months that benighted land has become one of the hottest news stories in the world, as thousands of dissident students, housewives, monks, civil servants and even police have taken to the streets in an attempt to topple the government and restore democracy.

Earlier this summer Stewart had tried several methods of gaining access to Burma. These included pleading with Burmese embassy officials in neighboring Thailand for a visa, looking into chartering a plane to take him and Tucci secretly into the capital, and even contacting tribal chieftains inside Burma to guide them through their territory on foot. This month Stewart and Tucci finally made it into Rangoon, the capital, by means they prefer, for the moment, to keep to themselves.

Once in Burma they tried to keep a low profile, not an easy assignment for two tall foreigners such as British-born Stewart and Tucci, an Italian citizen. "Trying to blend in proved impos-



Photographer Sandro Tucci and Correspondent Bill Stewart

sible," says Stewart. "But the crowds were so receptive to our questions and cameras that any fears quickly faded. People shook our hands and gave us flowers."

Stewart and Tucci stayed at Rangoon's stately turn-of-the-century Strand Hotel, which was taken over by its workers after the turmoil began last month. The pair got to know the entire staff quickly; they were the only guests, the usual trickle of foreign tourists having vanished. Both men admit they owe a great debt to their hotel "family," who watched over their well-being by maintaining a vigilant security

operation and scrounging for food for them. As one staff member told them, "If the police come here, we'll chop them."

Stewart's journalistic career has taken him through wars and upheavals in Viet Nam, India and the Middle East, yet he considers the Burma rebellion unique. "This is the first genuinely popular revolt I have ever witnessed," he says. "The people here have faced armed force with moral force and given the world a lesson in courage." A lesson that Stewart and Tucci, alone among the Western press, have been on hand to record.

Robert L. Miller

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TIME/SEPTEMBER 26, 1988

It Was No Breeze

The century's biggest storm terrifies Texas after devastating the Caribbean

On the satellite pictures it resembled a living creature, angrily swirling and pulsing, a one-eyed monster of awesome dimensions. In a vortex of turbulent weather spanning 450 miles, the whirling body of the hurricane seemed to have a mind and will of its own as it marched across the Caribbean, devastating almost everything in its path.

Hurricane Gilbert uprooted not only trees but lives. It chewed across the length of Jamaica, leaving 500,000 people homeless, and virtually destroying the island's economy. It slammed into Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula, shattering the glassy façades of tourist hotels and destroying the homes of 30,000 residents. By the time Gilbert touched the trembling but well-prepared Gulf coast, its epic force had been muted. Still, flooding and high tides swamped beaches and highways and forced more than 100,000 people in Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi to flee in anticipation of its virulence.

Belying its mild-sounding name, Gilbert became unique as a force—the most powerful storm to hit the western hemisphere in this century. Its counterclockwise wind speed peaked at an estimated 200 m.p.h. at 10,000 ft. and 175 m.p.h. at ground level; its 26.13-in. barometric pressure was the lowest ever recorded. Gilbert was blamed for at least 100 deaths and billions of dollars in damage in the Caribbean and Mexico. An additional 200 people were feared drowned after a rain-swollen river jumped its banks and overturned four buses Saturday in Monterrey, Mexico. But highly accurate tracking and early warnings prevented more widespread loss of life. The storm ranked well below the toll of recent killer hurricanes like David (1,100 deaths in 1979) and Flora (7,200 deaths in 1963).

Gilbert blew Mike and George off the front pages, as its record dimensions and

ominous approach dominated news reports. Overnight, specialists like Bob Sheets, director of the National Hurricane Center in Miami, became trusted gurus, interpreting the big blow with computers. Somehow the storm seemed the violent culmination of a season in which Mother Nature has done anything but nurture, producing the hottest American summer in 50 years, a drought that parched the Midwest, forest fires that turned U.S. parks into cinders, floods that submerged large parts of Bangladesh and Sudan.

Only in its final landfill did Gilbert reveal a benign side. The hurricane hit a relatively unpopulated area of Mexico, 110 miles southwest of Brownsville, Texas, where the terrain of mountains and flat farmland helped undermine its strength. It did bring more than 6 in. of rain, causing flooding in an area the size of Colorado. At week's end it had spun off some 30 tornadoes twisting around coastal Texas. High winds and battering rain were expected as far north as Chicago. Gilbert, according to Mark Zimmer of the National Hurricane Center, will turn into a "huge rainmaking machine" that will bring water to parched areas extending to the lower Ohio River Valley.

Born as a low-pressure trough off the coast of Africa, fed by a combination of heat, moisture and atmospheric instability, Gilbert grew in size and force as it moved westward across the Atlantic. On Saturday, Sept. 10, about 225 miles southeast of the Dominican Republic, it was officially designated a hurricane when its winds exceeded the required 74 m.p.h. It sideswiped Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic and Haiti on Sunday before reaching a raging fury over Jamaica on Monday. In Kingston the sky darkened and turned slate blue, as winds tore into the unprotected tropical island. Streets became rivers; trees were abruptly upend-



ed; and four out of five rooftops were ripped off. Said a U.S. airman trapped on the island: "There was no power, no water, no phones, no radio, nothing. The place was wrecked."

Afterward Gilbert nearly doubled in force, making it, like Camille in 1969, a rare Category 5 hurricane, as it smashed into the Yucatán at dawn on Wednesday. In the flashy resort city of Cancun, authorities evacuated several thousand people, mostly vacationers. But the poor had no place to go. Winds leveled their often flimsy dwellings, and flood tides washed them away. Some 30,000 were left homeless in Yucatán state and about 10,000 more in Campeche on the peninsula's west coast.

One of Gilbert's freakiest turns came



On Thursday, wind surfers exploited advance 30-m.p.h. gusts off Corpus Christi

when its winds caught up a 300-ft.-long Cuban freighter five miles out in the Gulf. Mountainous waves heaved the ship all the way onto the shore at Cancun beach, where it smashed into a structure and came to rest on the sand.

lands into the town of La Pesca. Thousands of inhabitants were evacuated in areas of northeastern Mexico, and in mountainous terrain farther inland, Gilbert caused added disruptions through flooding. On a low-lying road in the city of

Jamaica: A Decade Lost in a Day

After Hurricane Gilbert finished howling and hammering Jamaica last Monday, the lovely green-and-gold island had been transformed into a stew of twisted, tilted, ripped and battered debris. Kingston and outlying areas alike were an immense litter of downed trees, broken utility poles, tangles of electrical wires, a vista of demolished houses and blown tin roofs. The more the stunned Jamaicans meandered among the ruins, the worse things looked. Of the 2½ million inhabitants, 500,000 were suddenly homeless; four-fifths of the nation's homes had been damaged or destroyed. Obstructions blocked and sealed off streets and roads. Said Prime Minister Edward P.G. Seaga: "It's the worst natural disaster in our modern history. The storm has left a trail of wreckage the length of the island."

Electrical power and telephone service were wiped out as eight years of hard-won economic progress was smashed like a stomped melon. After surveying the day-after damage, Seaga declared that the impoverished island's economic expansion, percolating at 5% last year, had been set back a decade. That estimate may have been unduly pessimistic, but not by much. Most visibly, the glossy hotels and clubs that pull in the island's tourist trade were left a shambles, especially in the popular

north-coast resort areas of Montego Bay and Ocho Rios. The banana crop, which was expected to produce a banner 50,000-ton harvest this year (up from just 10,000 tons in 1984), was largely destroyed. So were the coconut, coffee, sugar and winter-vegetable crops—and, not a triviality, the *ganja*, or marijuana, crop, which means cash to many rural Jamaicans.

Poultry farmers, fishing fleets and cultivators of exotic flowers were wasted by Gilbert. Foreign-owned shoe and clothing factories that had been lured to Jamaica's tax-free zones suffered heavy water and structural damage. The unemployment rate, already 22%, was expected to soar as jobs vanished in the wind and rain. It was easy to see a metaphor of the island's economy in the plight of the smashed Kingston bank whose checks, in the aftermath, were suddenly caught up in a wind and scattered all over the downtown. "There were checks blowing around everywhere," retired Superstar Racing-Car Driver Jackie Stewart told the *Miami News* after weathering the storm with friends on a Kingston hillside.

Wreckage was everywhere too. Ramps around Kingston airport were flung and crumpled like Tinkertoys. The causeway between Kingston and Manley Airport was flooded, and the whole island was left short of food and without safe drinking water. The airport control tower was battered out of commission, and until Thursday air traffic consisted only of military transports carrying relief supplies from the U.S., Canada, Europe and Jamaica's Caribbean neighbors. The hospital in Mandeville lost its roof, and the University Hospital of the West Indies in Mona was severely damaged. With water supplies contaminated, there is fear of an outbreak of cholera, dysentery and other diseases. Property losses will probably run to more than \$500 million.

Not since 1951, when Hurricane Charlie whipped through the island, has Jamaica been so brutally crippled. Fortunately, Jamaica is no longer as vulnerable to disaster as it was 37 years ago. "Hurricane Charlie left us with nothing but church and prayers," says Peter King, the country's chief trade representative abroad. "This time we're not rolling over. Our economy is more diversified, and we'll stride forward. We're not going to let the clock run backwards."

Still, Gilbert has left behind a tangled and murky political situation. Only two weeks earlier, Jamaica's two primary politi-



A tangle of power lines and trees litters the capital

Monterrey, four buses were trapped and overturned by the rising Santa Catarina River. Only 13 of the estimated 200 passengers escaped; six policemen were drowned in the rescue effort.

Elsewhere in the Gulf, the storm shut down hundreds of offshore oil platforms, forced 5,000 workers to evacuate and halted the daily flow of 1.7 million barrels of oil. Partly as a result, the price of oil jumped 75¢ a bbl. on world markets before declining 33¢ at week's end.

The entire Gulf Coast of Texas had been put on alert as Gilbert headed toward landfall. From Brownsville to Biloxi, Miss., people sought shelter from the storm, in many places clogging highways and emptying supermarket shelves. Houston, 50 miles inland, shuddered at the prospect of its glimmering skyscrapers swaying in the gale-force winds. About a quarter of the 60,000 residents of Galveston Island headed for higher ground, leaving boarded-up windows and fortified houses. In Brownsville, a dirt-poor border

town of 110,000, those who could afford to fled inland. But since half the residents are below the poverty line, many had no place to go and no money to get there. Dozens of emergency shelters in the Rio Grande Valley were filled with locals and the many Mexicans who crossed the border seeking refuge.

The dramatic warnings proved unnecessary. Gilbert hit the coast with heavy rains, high waves and winds, but not with a vengeance. Galveston experienced high tides, yet hardly a window was broken. In Brownsville, cars were overturned and mobile homes upended, but there was no loss of life. Those Brownsville residents who refused to leave acted as though they had called Gilbert's bluff. A Coast Guard helicopter rescued the crews of three fishing boats foundering in the Gulf of Mexico. "We're just full of happy endings today," said Petty Officer Bob Morehead, "which is great with a storm like this."

Gilbert, in the jargon of meteorologists, was "well behaved"—it stuck to a relatively predictable course and steady speed. Advances in computer models, satellite pictures and aerial measurements made Gilbert as closely monitored as a shuttle launch. But in a century marked by man's destructive capacity and technological hubris, Gilbert was a humbling reminder that man remains very much at the mercy of the elements. A giant hurricane was long overdue in the Gulf and the Caribbean. Others are destined to occur, and concern is growing that unrestricted development and population growth on fragile barrier islands and coastlands could lead to catastrophe. The U.S. got a pass from Gilbert, but poorer, less fortunate neighbors took a hit they could scarcely afford. Next time the scariest weather story of a scary season could strike closer to home. —*By Richard Stengel.*

Reported by Lianne Hart/Brownsville, Bruce Henderson/Miami and Richard Woodbury/Houston



Kingston residents line up for rations of fresh water: "This time we're not going to let the clock run backwards"

cal parties had launched their campaigns for an election in which Seaga is being challenged by former Prime Minister Michael N. Manley, the onetime socialist who presided over the economic decline that Seaga inherited. Manley's People's National Party had planned to warm up for the campaign and celebrate its 50th anniversary during an annual convention last week, but it was postponed because of the storm.

Recent polls indicate that the charismatic, crowd-pleasing Manley, who stole Seaga's thunder by purging his party's left wing and improving his relations with the business establish-

ment, would handily win any early election. Some analysts believe the hurricane's devastation may now present Seaga with a dramatic opportunity to rally the country behind him in a reconstruction effort. Manley was quick to recognize that the political climate had changed radically overnight. Said he, after rushing to Kingston last week: "All politics are being put aside. There is not time to deal in partisan issues in this emergency." In the dispiriting climate of post-Gilbert Jamaica, a successful politician may find that victory has a bitter taste.

Reported by Cristina Garcia/Miami

—By Frank Trippett.

Nation



Lauding his favorite candidate at a fund raiser in California

Friends in High Places

The President has become Bush's most ardent campaigner

White House Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater stepped up to the blue-velvet-trimmed podium of the White House briefing room for the daily ritual of feeding the usually acerbic presidential press corps. UPI's Helen Thomas, the ever vigilant observer of six Administrations, lobbed the first barbed inquiry: "Well, Marlin, what are you going to do for George Bush today?" Smiling benignly, Fitzwater replied, "Anything I can."

Fitzwater wasn't jesting. Since Ronald Reagan's return from his Santa Barbara ranch, the White House has been transformed into a branch office of Bush campaign headquarters; White House officials have donned red-white-and-blue neckties printed with PUSH FOR BUSH. After the neckties were distributed at a Cabinet meeting, the President called upon his top officers to become surrogate speakers for Bush. Nearly every presidential trip and ceremony has been turned into a showcase for the heir apparent.

After an initially lukewarm endorsement, in which his bumbling mispronunciation of Bush's name fueled rumors that he subconsciously resented the Vice President's candidacy, Reagan has become the most ardent of campaigners. He is convinced, aides say, that the first 100 days of a Dukakis Administration would leave the Reagan legacy in ruins. Said a White House aide: "The President is getting in there and mixing it up; this campaign is sugar for his metabolism."

The big push started with a sun-drenched Rose Garden ceremony last week, during which Reagan signed the

fair housing bill and extolled Bush's "enormous courage" in voting for the original legislation 20 years ago. Later the President used the White House proclamation of Hispanic Heritage Week to spotlight Bush's child-care plan. Joining the battle between Bush and Michael Dukakis for the Hispanic vote, Reagan met with Hispanic newsmen and assured them of Bush's "warm feelings with regard to Hispanics." Reagan barnstormed through southeastern Missouri last week,

labeling Democrats "trench-coat liberals" and darkly warning that a Dukakis presidency would resemble the horror film *Nightmare on Elm Street*.

Some have charged Reagan with misusing the presidency. Although most Presidents have used the White House for partisan purposes, critics say, there should be limits. Said Marvin Kalb, director of Harvard's center on the press, politics and public policy: "The President should be conducting the nation's business, but when he does it in a highly partisan way, there is the perception that he is at least unfair, if not improper."

Senior White House aides say that Reagan's backing of Bush never interferes with official duties; all campaign trips are funded by the Republican Party. The main reason things mesh so smoothly is the eight-year friendship between White House Chief of Staff Kenneth Duberstein and Bush's campaign chairman, James Baker. Said an official: "It's a policy of daily contact and no surprises."

The Dukakis campaign has been slow to use its own institutional advantage: Senate Democrats. After the convention, party leaders waited in irritation for calls that never came. Groused a Senator's aide: "It was a 'We know best' attitude." Belatedly, Sam Nunn, Les Aspin, Al Gore and John Glenn were summoned by Dukakis last week.

Only three Presidents in this century have had the opportunity to campaign for their Vice President to succeed them. Dwight Eisenhower passed up the opportunity to exert himself on behalf of Richard Nixon, who lost in 1960. Lyndon Johnson was not asked to campaign for Hubert Humphrey, and he lost too. This time both the President and his Vice President feel they have something to gain by sticking together.

—By Nancy Traver/Washington

Was Reagan Out of It?

Memoirs out of Washington lately all seem to have an explosive revelation, the better to have a crack at the best-seller list. Lyndon Johnson's aide Richard Goodwin writes that the former President, near the end of his term, had become paranoid. Former White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan gave us Government-by-astrology; former Reagan Spokesman Larry Speakes told of making up quotes for the President. In addition, recent news stories have reminded the nation of Richard Nixon's ugly displays of anti-Semitism. Now comes *Landslide: The Unmaking of the President: 1984-1988* by Reporters Jane Mayer and Doyle McManus. They reveal that many White House aides believed Ronald Reagan was so depressed and inattentive after cancer surgery and the Iran-Contra affair last year that the possibility of invoking the 25th Amendment to remove him was raised in a memo to White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker.

According to Baker Aide James Cannon, who wrote the memo, some aides had taken to signing Reagan's initials on official documents because he was so out of touch. But Cannon says that when he and Baker observed the President at their first meeting together, he was back in top form. Cannon told TIME he made his recommendation after talking to 15 to 20 White House aides, who convinced him that Reagan's short days and heavy delegation of responsibility had become a serious problem. Reagan, relaxing at a White House picnic, said, "There isn't an iota of truth to the whole story."

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The Candidates' Love Match

Somebody please stop them before they hug again



American politics has come a long way since the days when Bess Truman and Mamie Eisenhower were seldom seen on the campaign trail. Romance is becoming the major nonissue of this campaign: palpable, on display and in prime time. It's the *Phil Donahue* of elections: the candidate who can best put his relationship on display scores points. Consider the CBS interview in which Barbara Bush playfully slapped the Veep's hand as he confused how many years they had been married (43) with how many houses they had lived in (28). As she was about to leave the room, he pulled her back for a kiss.

Bush warned reporters he would be moving to close the romance gap, which widened when a reporter glimpsed Michael and Kitty Dukakis dancing without music at the Boston airport. The Bushes' suspicion that this waltz was too media-genic to be true had been reinforced when Barbara questioned Dan Rather about the couch provided for the Dukakis' joint interview. She was told it was a special request by the Dukakis campaign. The Bushes did not invoke the Equal Furniture Doctrine, and their show went on with straight-backed chairs.

In his first scheduled appearance after he was nominated, Senator Dan Quayle told a group of Republicans at breakfast, "I am just getting used to how we're supposed to conduct ourselves on the campaign, and boy, listening to the affection we're supposed to do. I can't wait." He paused to leer at his wife. "I think it's going to be exciting."

Is that any way for a candidate to talk before coffee? Flaunting one's marriage went a step lower when Bush's staff arranged for a plane with a banner asking WHERE WAS TEDDY? to fly over a rally so that Bush could say, "I was at home with Barbara," a self-righteous claim that

could revive rumors of dalliances that haunted the Vice President last year.

It used to be that the candidates had a mutual nonaggression pact toward each other's marriages. Jackie Kennedy hardly ever deigned to campaign; Pat Nixon occasionally napped during her husband's stump speech. The Fords did not become a celebrity, let-it-all-hang-out duo until they moved to California, where it is required.

Bush suggests Dukakis is to blame for the I-love-my-wife-more competition. In fact, the Reagans upped the public-intimacy quotient to saccharine levels. The President's farewell film at the Republican National Convention featured not a review of statecraft but a valentine to Nancy. There were Nancy and Ron holding hands at the ranch, holding hands at Camp David. During the airing of the film inside the Superdome, cameras panned to Nancy gazing at Ronnie gazing at her gazing at him in the film, political gazemanship that only a Silver Screen Couple could pull off. Earlier in the day, the President dropped by a luncheon in honor of the First Lady, at which he made a show of throwing away his prepared remarks so that he could speak from his heart, all misty-eyed. He was actually reading from notes already on the lectern.

No non-Hollywood adults could hope to duplicate the Reagans' portrayal of adolescent infatuation. In any event, polls indicate that it is a sense of family that voters are seeking, not romance. But enduring love, the kind that survives the unpaid orthodontist bill and the lawn grown weedy, cannot be shown on the nightly news. So the candidates will continue to confuse the *Dynasty*-type desire with devotion, as in this recent swipe by Dukakis: "Democrats tend to sleep in double beds. Republicans prefer twins." The body politic can live without a response to that one.

—By Margaret Carlson



Aiming for a tough defense stance

Back on Track

How Dukakis took some tips from Bush's message playbook



He will never be mistaken for John Rambo, but Michael Dukakis, clad in an Army helmet and clutching a machine gun, tried to look like the militarist he isn't at a General Dynamics plant outside Detroit last week. It was difficult to tell whether the queasy expression came from his bumpy ride in an M1 tank or his disdain for hokey photo ops. But he was ready to sacrifice dignity in the service of his theme. The message: Dukakis is tough on defense.

"Defense week" was part of a broader strategy to rescue the Democrat's floundering campaign. Since his rehabilitation on Labor Day weekend, John Sasso, Dukakis' closest adviser, has stolen a page from the Republicans' game plan. Campaign swings are now organized around a single coherent message and a compelling "visual" for the evening news.

During the three days last week designed to counter Dukakis' dovish image, the candidate talked about using economic pressure to force the Soviets' hand on human rights. In Chicago and Washington he professed support for the Stealth bomber and the Trident II missile. And he peppered his speeches with the sound bite-size generalities that TV news adores: "We're going to put our defense dollars where our defense needs are greatest."

At times the Dukakis campaign still seemed snakebitten. The candidate was jeered at a jet-engine factory outside Cincinnati. At fire-ravaged Yellowstone National Park, after commending the fire fighters, he had nothing of substance to say. He at first tried to ignore questions about Bush's attack of the day, which was that Dukakis was a spendthrift mismanager as a Governor. But he finally counterattacked, pointing to his ten balanced budgets.

Despite some missteps, the Dukakis campaign seemed to be awakening from its stupor. Some polls show him pulling even or slightly ahead once again. With the return of Sasso, a course of action for Dukakis' fall campaign is belatedly taking shape.



Wasps do it, Greeks do it... but will the voters in the booths buy it?

Closing the affection gap with stolen kisses and a hand for the missus.



THE GREAT DEBATE SCORECARD



All this week George Bush and Michael Dukakis are preparing intensely for Sunday night's kickoff debate. But the briefing books will soon be put aside so that they can turn their full attention to one of democracy's most important tests: delivering the "spontaneous" one-liners that could swing the election. At Bush headquarters, Roger Ailes is probably going over the script now. "Take it from the top, George. You turn to Dukakis and say, 'Governor,

you call yourself a patriot, but I bet you don't even know the fourth verse of our national anthem." The sessions in the Dukakis camp are no doubt equally substantive. "Mike, this isn't public TV. You've got to smile. Now try it again: 'Let me help you with that, George Herbert Walker...'"

Compared with the sound-bite sparring on the nightly news, the 90-minute Wake Forest wordfest may seem like an advanced policy seminar. But the rigid

format allows both men to get away with programmed answers and pretested prose. How can you get a sense of the real candidates lurking behind the campaign consultants? Ignore the mock theatrics and instead focus on those unscripted moments that provide a glimpse of how the two men think and react. Use this Spontaneity Scorecard to decide who best displays his fitness to be President, not guest host on the Johnny Carson show.



1. Your Script Is Showing. The first half of the debate is apt to be as overchoreographed as a Las Vegas floor show. But as the candidates tire, their game plans will begin to unravel. "The human nature of the candidates means that they can't hold a script in their minds for more than half an hour," explains Communications Professor Kathleen Hall Jamieson, co-author of *Presidential Debates*. "The problem is that viewers tend to get inattentive at just the point that the debate gets revealing." Award 1 point for each answer that makes sense in the first half-hour, 3 points for all coherent replies after that.

2. Bizarre Is Better. With the debate panel composed entirely of reporters, it will be easy to anticipate most of their earnest questions. Do you really think Dukakis would be unprepared for a query on balancing the budget, or Bush blind-sided by the Iran-contra affair? But despite the practice sessions, one or two out-of-nowhere questions may slip through the rehearsal radar. Both candidates might be flummoxed by a panelist who simply asks them to justify their lifelong aversion to reading novels. You can probably tell when to be alert; neither Bush nor Dukakis is a good enough actor to totally mask that bewildered look of "Huh?" Award 5 points for the best answer to an oddball question.

3. The Close Makes the Man. The two-minute final arguments may seem like the rhetorical equivalent of airplane food, but they do force the candidates to articulate tersely why they want to be President. If Bush can frame a final message without mentioning Ronald Reagan, or Dukakis can create a rationale that does not depend on "competence," he deserves a small boost on the scoreboard. Three points for a compelling closing statement, even if scripted, and 3 bonus points if it responds to issues raised earlier in the evening.

4. The Gift of Gaffe. Nothing frightens the candidates like a debate flub comparable to Jerry Ford's claim that East-

ern Europe was not under Moscow's thumb. But it is dangerous to exaggerate the significance of these small slips, especially since both Bush and Dukakis are stronger on factual knowledge than they are on vision. Ignore all the post-debate babble of commentators who like to pounce on gaffes. Turn the tables by giving 2 points to any candidate who catches his own error and offers a graceful correction.

5. The Appearance of Coherence. With no response longer than a network commercial break (two minutes), it will be easy for the candidates to appear in command merely by adopting confident tones in the first and last sentences of their answers. Listen instead to the middle sentences of each answer. It will be particularly telling if Dukakis consistently stumbles in articulating nuclear strategy or if Bush fails to explain what he has been doing for a living these past eight years. Deduct 3 points for every answer that sounds like a Marx Brothers routine.

6. There You Go Again. Some bombastic boasts and irrelevant issues have already worn out their welcome. Bush should be penalized for ever again mentioning the Pledge of Allegiance or implying that a line-item veto could erase a \$2 trillion national debt. Every time Dukakis brags that he has balanced ten state budgets, the networks should run a crawl line across the TV screens pointing out that such fiscal integrity is mandated by state law. Deduct 1 point for each mention of these taboo topics.

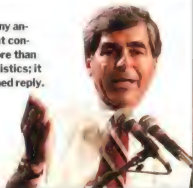
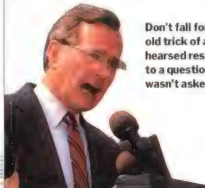
7. Ersatz Emotion Commotion. Neither Bush nor Dukakis is known for volcanic temperament, so it is safe to assume that all outbursts are concocted by a drama coach. The problem is that feigned passion plays well on television and is apt to be endlessly repeated on the post-debate newscasts. The solution: if the candidates get mad, the scorecard gets even. Deduct 5 points for each angry response, 10 if the candidate refers to his family.

—By Walter Shapiro

Don't fall for the old trick of a rehearsed response to a question that wasn't asked.

Ignore any answer that contains more than two statistics; it is a canned reply.

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Nation

Why Wait a Week to Kill?

The gun lobby overwhelms an attempt to restrict handguns

Guns don't kill, people do." The simple logic of that refrain from the National Rifle Association would suggest that the nation's 2.8 million-member gun lobby would support any move to keep the wrong people from acquiring deadly weapons. Not so. The N.R.A. invariably goes to war against any attempt to limit the avalanche of handguns that are used to kill 21,000 Americans annually. Last week the gun lobby triumphed in its latest campaign, a \$4 million effort against a sensible congressional proposal to strengthen existing federal restrictions on the sale of handguns. The legislation would have required gun dealers to wait seven days before completing a sale, giving police time to determine whether a buyer is a convicted felon, an illegal alien, a drug abuser or a mental patient. Last week the House meekly bowed to N.R.A. pressure and killed the proposed waiting period by a vote of 228 to 182.

The legislation was inspired in part by Sarah Brady, wife of White House Press Secretary James Brady, who remains an invalid seven years after being hit by one of John Hinckley's bullets during the attempt to assassinate President Reagan. She has led a series of fights for tighter gun laws. The Brady amendment enjoyed broad support from gun-control opponents, including an unusual coalition of eleven national police organizations. Even the President praised the idea of a waiting period, citing how well it has worked in California. But with elections only six weeks away, many Congressmen who favored the proposal could not ignore the powerful N.R.A.

Florida Republican Congressman Bill McCollum Jr. offered a way out of the quandary. He proposed replacing the waiting-period requirement with a provision to give all 275,000 federally licensed gun dealers in the U.S. instant access to a nationwide list of convicted felons. Prospective gun buyers could be fingerprinted and the samples sent electronically to Washington for an instantaneous check against the FBI's millions of prints.

But there is no master list of convicted felons, no way to make such data quickly and widely available, and no speedy means of sending and matching fingerprints. A network to provide such information could take years to create and cost up to \$500 million, making it available to gun dealers could violate civil liberties. Beyond that, McCollum's system would not prevent gun sales to illegal aliens and the mentally ill.

Still, a majority of House members reached for this fig leaf. They voted to kill



Sarah Brady viewing confiscated weapons

The House eagerly grabbed a fig leaf.

the Brady amendment and replace it with McCollum's phantom plan. Even leading Democrats from states where the N.R.A. is strong, like House Majority Leader Tom Foley of Washington and House Whip Tony Coelho of California, supported the gun lobby. They contended, as has George Bush, who boasts that he is a life member of the N.R.A., that such restrictive legislation should be left to the states. But only 22 states require waiting periods. A gun buyer in a hurry need only cross a state line to speed his purchase.

That disparity caused Illinois Republican Henry Hyde, one of the House's most conservative legislators, to abandon his normal states' rights stance. "These guns are ambulatory," Hyde argued. "This is a national problem. If we made it a little more difficult for someone who is angry and wants to kill, maybe we would save some lives." Demonstrating how the issue cuts across both ideology and geography, Speaker Jim Wright of Texas joined Hyde in opposing the McCollum proposal, despite his home state's animus to gun control.

Their logic did not prevail against the N.R.A.'s cold cash. Collectively, the Congressmen who voted to doom the waiting period have received \$1,167,908 from the gun lobby in the past five years. The 70% of Americans who support tighter gun controls are rarely as passionate, vocal or generous.

—By Ed Magnuson

Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington

Taking Time For Children

With Bush's blessing, women may win parental leave

George Bush has discovered what they work (hence his proposal for a \$2.2 billion child-care tax cut) and, now, that they have children tempting to close what remains a once cavernous gender gap. Bush's week came out in favor of unpaid leave for parents on the job. Parting company with the Reagan Administration and his running mate, Dan Quayle, Bush surprised a gathering of the Illinois Federation of Republican Women, saying, "We need to be sure that women don't have to worry about getting their jobs back after having a child or caring for a child during a serious illness."

Suddenly, parental-leave legislation that House Democrats were afraid to schedule because it was sure to fail, was put on the calendar. The bill, first introduced by Democratic Congresswoman Pat Schroeder in 1986, would require employers of more than 50 people to let men or women up to ten weeks of leave for a newborn, a seriously ill child or an ailing parent. When House Whip Tony Coelho took a head count last week, he found so much new support among moderates that he has decided to schedule a vote as soon as possible.

Bush's endorsement came a week after a coalition of women's groups led by Michael Dukakis to put more effort into passing the bill. They also demanded Bush drop his opposition to it. The President is no doubt aware that 16 million more women than men will vote Nov. 8. As National Women's Political Caucus Chair Irene Navidad wryly noted, "No one can get elected without the support of the Senate, not to the House and certainly not to the presidency."

Opponents of the bill, especially small-business owners, fear that temporary replacements would be costly and less productive. Says Texas Republican Congressman Dick Armey: "Parental leave is really nothing but a form of social welfare financed by other Americans' workers." In a letter to his colleague, Armey describes the slippery benefits that might follow, warning that parents would soon be demanding paid parental leave, then health benefits, then mandated day-care services. "I shudder to think what would come beyond that," he wrote Sweden, perhaps.

If Congress gets to the measure this month, as planned, parental leave may become a reality. With the outlook for Democratic \$2 billion-plus day-care increases bleak, the bill may be only solid legislation women get this year for their 10 million-vote differential.



Soviet Policy: Beyond Containment

By Strobe Talbott



This is the third in a series of weekly essays analyzing the issues that the candidates are, or should be, discussing.

For more than four decades, the most important foreign policy challenge facing any President has been managing relations with the other superpower. The Soviet Union is the only state that can threaten America's existence; it is the principal U.S. rival for influence around the world; and its totalitarian political system is anathema to American values.

Those facts of international life remain, but today they do not seem quite the immutable laws of nature they did four years ago, when Americans last chose a President. Since then, the Soviet Union has acquired a stunningly new and different leadership of its own. Mikhail Gorbachev is experimenting with ideas that could lead to reforms in the internal regime and improvements in the external behavior of the U.S.S.R. The potential for profound change in the nature of the Soviet challenge demands a thorough, imaginative rethinking of the American response.

With George Bush and Michael Dukakis each trying to establish his toughness, the question of how to cope with the other superpower has too often been reduced to its military dimension. Last week they were back at it, carping over the relative merits of the Stealth bomber and the MX. Bush reiterated his charge that Dukakis was soft on defense. In response, Dukakis doffed a helmet and rode in an M1 tank. In a speech in Chicago, Dukakis conveyed a conservative caution about Gorbachev's reforms and said the U.S. should be prepared to use economic incentives to induce less Soviet repression and international mischief making.

Before Nov. 8 the voters should have a clearer idea of what a Bush or a Dukakis doctrine would be for dealing with the Soviet challenge in the Gorbachev era.

The next President will inherit an accretion of earlier guiding principles named after his various predecessors. Joseph Stalin's probes provoked the Truman Doctrine: "It must be the policy of the U.S. to support free peo-

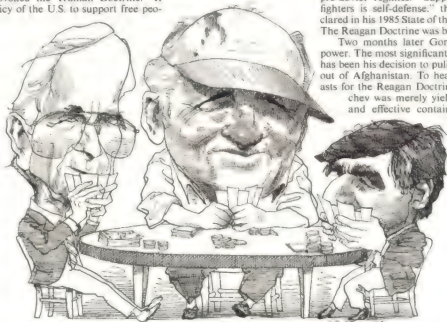
ples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures." The U.S. set about, through a combination of diplomacy, economic assistance and military alliances, to create an international environment that would "contain" the Soviet empire within its own boundaries, forcing the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist system to stew in its own poisonous juices. The author of that strategy, George Kennan, believed Soviet Communism "bears within it the seeds of its own decay." Containment, he wrote in 1947, could eventually lead to "the gradual mellowing of Soviet power." But until then, he stressed, "there can be no appeal to common purposes."

In the years that followed, the Soviets continued to push, and the U.S. looked for ways to exert counterpressure. The Eisenhower Doctrine of 1957 was a vow to use American military force against Communist aggression in the Middle East. After Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba, U.S. policymakers dusted off the 136-year-old Monroe Doctrine, which warned European powers to stay out of the Western Hemisphere. (The original version, appropriately, had been occasioned in part by concern over czarist claims on territory along the Pacific coast.)

John F. Kennedy's promise in his Inaugural Address to "pay any price, bear any burden . . . to assure the survival and the success of liberty" was translated into policy as the Viet Nam War—an unambiguous and, as it turned out, disastrous exercise in containment. Under the Nixon Doctrine of 1969, the U.S. deputized friendly potentates to defend Western interests. The star example, alas, was the Shah of Iran. In that case, as in others, this latest form of containment led American policymakers to rely excessively on the dubious principle that the enemies of our enemies would make good enforcers of the Pax Americana.

When the Soviets invaded Afghanistan in 1979, the response was the Carter Doctrine—a threat to oppose, with U.S. troops, Soviet encroachments on the Persian Gulf. Carter's successor had a better idea: he would provide arms to guerrillas battling pro-Soviet regimes. "Support for freedom fighters is self-defense," the President declared in his 1985 State of the Union address. The Reagan Doctrine was born.

Two months later Gorbachev came to power. The most significant act of his tenure has been his decision to pull the Soviet army out of Afghanistan. To hear some enthusiasts for the Reagan Doctrine tell it, Gorbachev was merely yielding to vigorous and effective containment: the U.S.





gave Stinger missiles to the Afghan freedom fighters, enabling them to blow enough Soviet helicopters out of the sky for the pragmatic new man in the Kremlin to order a tactical retreat.

However, in the broader context of what is happening elsewhere in the world as well as inside the U.S.S.R., the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan may turn out to be part of something much more welcome. It may mark the beginning of the end of Soviet imperialist outreach. And it may have come about not just because of American counterpressure but also because of ferment within the Soviet power structure itself. In short, Kennan's original prediction of the eventual "mellowing" of Soviet power may finally be coming true.

Underlying the U.S.-Soviet rivalry is an ideological dispute over how a government should treat its citizens. On that critical point, Gorbachev is tacitly conceding a great deal. If he presses his campaign for economic and managerial decentralization, sooner or later some degree of political decentralization must follow.

Thus, according to Kennan's original criteria, there perhaps can, finally, be an "appeal to common purposes" in Soviet-American relations beyond the elemental one of mutual survival. Until now, avoiding nuclear war has been the only common purpose on which the superpowers could continually agree. That is why arms control has been such a central element in superpower relations. Attempts to reconcile the deeper political disputes over the relationship between the individual and the state—or between the Soviet state and the rest of the world—have always failed. For example, in 1972 the superpowers signed a "code of conduct" in Moscow that included a commitment by each side not to "obtain unilateral advantage at the expense of the other." Leonid Brezhnev & Co. made a mockery of that agreement by pouring Cuban proxies into Angola and military advisers into Ethiopia. The Soviet Union has traditionally defined its own security to the detriment of everyone else's. The men in the Kremlin demonstrated over and over that they would not feel entirely secure until everyone else in the world felt entirely insecure.

Gorbachev, by contrast, says that no nation can be secure if its neighbors—and principal rival—feel insecure. He calls this "new thinking," and with good reason. It is another major concession. It is an admission that the expansionist policies of his predecessors were an expensive failure.

Gorbachev has already accompanied the reassuring words of "new thinking" and "mutual security" with deeds, not only in Afghanistan but also in Southeast Asia, where Moscow is using its influence with Hanoi to initiate talks that may end the eleven-year Vietnamese occupation of Kampuchea.

In a speech last week Gorbachev offered to give up some Soviet military facilities in Viet Nam if the U.S. pulls its own naval and air bases out of the Philippines. In and of itself, that trade would lopsidedly favor the U.S.S.R. and is therefore unacceptable. But as a general proposition, the next President should take advantage of Gorbachev's professed—and already partially demonstrated—willingness to use diplomacy and political maneuver, rather than the threat of force, to advance Soviet interests. Unlike 1972, when the Soviets' expansionist deeds contradicted their accommodationist words, the next few years—and perhaps the next summit—may offer an opportunity to formulate a meaningful, sustainable code of conduct.

The essence of such an agreement would be for the U.S. to de-emphasize containment as a theme in its policy insofar as the

Soviets are willing to demilitarize their own international behavior. What that would mean in practice would vary from one part of the world to another. In Europe—the original front line of the cold war and still the most important potential "regional conflict"—there should be negotiation that could eventually lead to drastic cutbacks in NATO and the Warsaw Pact in exchange for genuine self-determination for Eastern Europe.

Gorbachev has signaled greater tolerance for diversity in the "fraternal countries" of Eastern Europe. They, more than the Soviet Union itself, should be recipients of aid, trade and credits from the industrialized democracies led by the U.S. The goal of such a policy would be to help Eastern Europe develop more efficient, productive, market-oriented economies. Not only might political liberalization go hand in hand with economic decentralization, but greater prosperity may be an antidote to the kind of crises that have all too often brought in Soviet tanks in the past. Gorbachev has his own reasons for wanting to avert another explosion of unrest in, say, Poland, since his conservative comrades would relish proof that reform breeds anarchy.

The political evolution of Eastern Europe has a military as well as an economic aspect. Gorbachev and his advisers have said they are willing to adopt what they call "nonoffensive" defenses. The West's task is to get the U.S.S.R. to apply that concept in a way that makes the Soviet army not only less of a bully toward Western Europe but also less of a thug in Eastern Europe. The Warsaw Pact may be the first alliance in history whose sole operational purpose has been to invade its own member states. Only when the Iron Curtain is lifted will the cold war be truly over.

Difficult as such a goal will be to achieve, it is easier to imagine Gorbachev moving in that direction than any of his predecessors, or any of his would-be successors. Largely for that reason, it is in the interests of the U.S. for him to remain in office and succeed in his program, as long as he is demonstrably seeking to ameliorate the repressiveness of Soviet policies at home and abroad. However, it would be premature and imprudent to admit the Soviet

Union into the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, not to mention the International Monetary Fund, as some Democrats have suggested. The U.S.S.R.'s industry is too hidebound, its agriculture too wasteful, its pricing system too arbitrary and its currency too artificial for that move to make sense. Membership in those organizations entails benefits that the backward Soviet economy cannot derive and obligations it cannot meet.

In general, there is little that the U.S. can do actively and directly to affect the outcome of back-room Kremlin politics. Precisely because he is committed to what he calls "radical" reform, Gorbachev may fail—and fall. A President Bush or a President Dukakis could end up meeting at the summit with General Secretary Yegor Ligachev, currently Gorbachev's leading opponent.

A healthy dose of new thinking in American foreign policy does not require mortgaging the nation's interests to the vicissitudes of Kremlin politics. Nor does it require rescinding Reagan's or Truman's or, for that matter, Monroe's precepts. A new presidential doctrine does not mean repudiating the old ones so much as updating them to take account—and take advantage—of new realities. Whatever else he is, whatever he accomplishes and however long he lasts, Gorbachev already qualifies as the personification of a new reality, and a new challenge to the next U.S. President.

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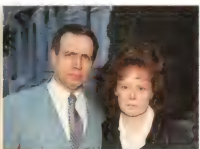
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American Notes



CRIME Cocaine gold, featuring the 1933 Eagle



PARENTS Arlena and the Twigg's: after the loss, where is their natural-born daughter?

FLORIDA

Why Lotto Can Be a Loser

Since Florida joined 27 other states and plunged into the lottery business last January, gamblers have plunked down more than \$1 billion for lotto or scratch-off tickets, and the state has tucked away \$350 million for its schools. Not everyone enjoys the boom, however. Merchants find the growing lines of ticket buyers a headache. Their annoyance was dramatized last week, following Florida's record \$55.1 million payoff, when President James Kufeldt of Winn-Dixie Stores gave the state a month's notice that his 471 supermarkets are pulling out of the games. Swarms of ticket buyers were sometimes "impairing the check-out services," he said, and Winn-Dixie just wants to stick to selling groceries.

CRIME

A Drug King's Midas Touch

Confiscated in a drug raid on Maui, Hawaii, three years ago, the handmade map with hieroglyphic serawils looked like something out of *Treasure Island*. Once Drug Enforcement Administration agents deciphered it, however, the map and subsequent tips led to treasures beyond the dreams of

Long John Silver. Investigators turned up 982 rare gold coins buried in hard-to-reach holes from Hawaii to Colorado. Officials expect the coins to bring \$2 million or more in auctions that begin next week in Long Beach, Calif.

The most valuable discovery: a 1933 \$10 eagle gold piece now worth \$80,000 or more. The map, said the DEA last week, turned up in the home of a wind-surfing drug merchant known as "Colorado Bill" and "King Midas." Bill (the DEA is withholding his full name) can follow the auction from his cell in Lompoc, Calif., where he is doing 17 years for drug trafficking.

WASHINGTON

The FBI's Sorry Story

After Salvadoran Expatriate Frank Varella became an FBI informant in Dallas in 1981, his tales of links between Marxist rebels and the U.S.-based Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador triggered a two-year nationwide surveillance of CISPS and nine other activist groups. But FBI Director William Sessions told Congress last week that much of Varella's story turned out not to be true, and the CISPS probe involved serious "mistakes in judgment."

Sessions announced disciplinary action against six agents, including four supervi-

sors. All have had letters of reprimand placed in their permanent personnel files, and three were suspended for two weeks without pay. Sessions also promised to tighten the bureau's procedures. The victims of the FBI fishing expedition have plans of their own: court action to force the bureau to expunge their names from its files.

BUREAUCRACY

Putting on The Ritz

The new building would make a lobbyist drool. The latest and fanciest edifice in Washington's central commercial district is 1801 L Street, with a red marble exterior and a gold-plated price: \$33 a square foot, a third more than neighboring rentals. The biggest tenant: the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the Federal agency that is supposed to enforce antidiscrimination laws. Why should taxpayers spend \$5.5 million a year to house Government bureaucrats in such lavish premises? For one thing, says EEOC Chairman Clarence Thomas, lesser quarters "would be sending the wrong signal" and might even cause people not to take the EEOC "seriously." The lease may just send the wrong signal to Congress, which is considering legislation to encourage agencies to move to the less expensive suburbs.

PARENTS

Losing a Child—Twice

For Ernest and Regina Twigg of Langhorne, Pa., the death of their nine-year-old Arlena after heart surgery last month was heartbreaking—on top of anguish that began after pre-surgery tests of Arlena's blood revealed she was Type B positive. The Twigg's both have Type O blood, which meant that Arlena probably had not been their natural child.

Devastated by this news, the parents reviewed oddities surrounding their daughter's birth at Hardee Memorial Hospital in Wauchula, Fla., on Dec. 2, 1978. After delivery, their pink-cheeked infant scored a perfect 10 on the Apgar health rating. Nevertheless the baby the Twigg's took home suffered from a heart abnormality. The child's weight was allegedly changed from 8 lbs 6 oz to 6 lbs on the birth certificate, which also recorded Arlena's blood type as O. A battery of genetic tests proved that the child the Twigg's had raised for ten years could not have been their daughter. Last week the family filed a \$100 million lawsuit against the hospital, three doctors and a nurse, charging that they had switched the healthy newborn with a sickly infant whose mother had already relinquished it for adoption.


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IRAN, IRAQ Observers with familiar blue insignia reach Baghdad in August to monitor the cease-fire in an eight-year war

AP Wirephoto

UNITED NATIONS

Peace on the March

With the U.N. regaining stature, the U.S. ends a long financial siege

It began as a monument to postwar idealism, but for more than a decade the United Nations has been repeatedly condemned as a cockpit of Third World radicalism and bureaucratic waste. Few critics have been more severe than the U.S., which for the past three years has put a squeeze on the 159-member organization by withholding most of its \$215 million annual dues as part of a campaign to force reform. Thus the turnaround could hardly have been more dramatic last week, when the Reagan Administration reversed the policy that had made it the world organization's biggest debtor. "The U.N. is directly serving long-term objectives of this Administration to end regional conflicts and advance peace and freedom around the world," declared White House Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, who added, "We are committed to full funding."

Fitzwater announced that the U.S. would begin paying back \$540 million in

overdue U.N. assessments. A check for \$15.2 million was delivered last week, and the State Department has been ordered to come up with a plan for repaying the remainder by 1991.

The U.S. change of heart came just in time for the beleaguered organization on Manhattan's East River. The U.S. is supposed to pay 25% of the U.N.'s general operating revenues. Since Washington began withholding funds, the organization has been dangerously strapped for cash. In July U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar met with Ronald Reagan to explain that the U.N. could run out of money as early as November.

The Administration's endorsement, which came only days before this week's opening of the 43rd annual U.N. General Assembly session, was viewed cynically in some circles. President Reagan is slated to make his final address to the General Assembly on Sept. 26; it was quickly noted that handing over large amounts of cash

will undoubtedly warm his reception. The Administration's new embrace of the U.N., however, was hardly unqualified. Fitzwater said that reform of the organization is "incomplete," before adding that "the progress is striking."

The U.S. financial shift is the capstone of several U.N. triumphs and accomplishments. In the past eight months, a number of the world's more intractable conflicts have begun to yield to mediation, and though the U.N. cannot claim to be the sole cause of the breakthroughs, its efforts have played an important role. Among the high points:

- In April, the Soviet Union, negotiating under U.N. auspices, agreed on a timetable for withdrawing its troops from Afghanistan. The decision, which will bring all the soldiers home by early 1989, climaxed six years of U.N.-sponsored talks between the Soviet-sponsored Afghan government and Pakistan, chief supporter of Afghanistan's *mujahedin* rebels.

► In July, Iran abruptly announced that it would accept U.N. Resolution 598 calling for a cease-fire in the eight-year Iran-Iraq war. Last month some 350 U.N. soldiers landed in both countries to observe the cease-fire.

► In August, South Africa, Angola and Cuba agreed to a cease-fire in Angola and Namibia. Though their talks have been mediated by U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker, the tentative peace plan calls for implementation of U.N. Resolution 435, with the world body supervising elections that would lead to Namibian independence.

► Just three weeks ago in the Western Sahara, Morocco and the Polisario guerrilla forces accepted a U.N. plan to end almost 13 years of war.

The peace breakthroughs owe at least as much to the exhaustion of combatants and the warming climate of superpower relations as they do to U.N. efforts. Some Administration stalwarts insist that it was U.S. policies that wrought the change. "None of it would have happened," says one State Department official, "if there had not been Stinger missiles in the hands of the *mujahedin*, or if the U.S. had not escalated its presence in the Persian Gulf."

Another prime factor is the "new thinking" in the foreign policy of Mikhail Gorbachev, in which the U.N. is intended to play a prominent part. Well before the U.S. announcement, Moscow had begun reducing its own U.N. debt, from \$112 million in 1985 to just \$10 million this year. Though the Kremlin still owes \$252 million in overdue support for U.N. peacekeeping missions—some of the bills date back to the 1950s—U.N. officials expect this too will soon be repaid. Says Sir Brian Urquhart, former U.N. Under Secretary-General and now scholar-in-residence at the Ford Foundation: "The U.S. had better watch out, because the Soviets are grasping the initiative."

The notion of the superpowers competing to support the U.N. represents a remarkable turnaround. For many, the nadir of U.N. General Assembly posturing was the 1975 resolution equating Zionism with racism. To some Reaganauts, the organization simply represented a backdoor route for advancing Soviet interests and the cause of Third World socialism. One important Administration act was to torpedo the 119-party Law of the Sea treaty. In 1986 the U.S. announced that it would withhold part of its dues until administrative reforms were instituted, notably tighter controls on the \$800 million U.N. annual operational budget. In a related move in 1984, Washington had pulled out of the U.N. Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, charging gross mismanagement and anti-Western bias. Britain and Singapore followed suit.

The pressure produced changes. Two years ago, the U.N. Secretariat began a streamlining program whose centerpiece was a 15% reduction of its 13,500 worldwide work force (4,600 in New



AFGHANISTAN



W. SAHARA



ANGOLA

York City alone). The U.N. also agreed to tighten the rules on hiring temporary employees, who were often used to circumvent ceilings on permanent workers. That play was particularly favored by the Soviets: U.S. officials suspected that many of the temps were intelligence agents.

Anti-Western rhetoric also went into decline, as Third World leaders increasingly began to face up to their own political and economic shortcomings. "There is less noise and more practical-mindedness," says Sir Crispin Tickell, Britain's Ambassador to the U.N. Notes a Singapore diplomat in Manhattan: "I think it is fair to say that people are coming to their senses." Not entirely. Over Western objections, the General Assembly last year voted to spend \$35 million on convention centers in Ethiopia, where millions face famine, and in Thailand.

The U.N.'s recent successes owe much to an unprecedented new spate of

diplomacy among the five permanent members of the U.N. Security Council. In January 1987, U.N. diplomats told *TIME*, ambassadors representing the five—Britain, China, France, the U.S. and the Soviet Union—began a series of regular private conclaves at the behest of the Secretary-General.

At first Pérez de Cuéllar was looking for new ways to support his efforts to end the Persian Gulf conflict, but the sessions later expanded to include other trouble spots like Afghanistan. The informal meetings offered a regular channel for dealing with thorny issues while avoiding the posturing of public U.N. sessions. The consensus achieved at the sessions has often strengthened Pérez de Cuéllar's mediation efforts. Says a high U.N. official: "The collaboration of the five has helped the Secretary-General significantly."

To avoid drawing attention to their activities, the five ambassadors meet outside the U.N. at their residences, taking

World



Shy but persistent: Pérez de Cuéllar

turns as host, with Britain's Tickell as the group's current chairman. "The atmosphere is very sensible, pleasant, totally devoid of ideological stuff," says one participant. Adds another: "It's diplomacy at its best."

The superpower kaffeeklatsches have generated some new respect for the shy but persistent Pérez de Cuéllar, whose steady, closed-door approach to diplomacy is now bearing fruit. Both sides in the Iran-Iraq conflict say it was only because they trusted Pérez de Cuéllar that they were ultimately willing to talk. Says an Iraqi diplomat: "He is a man of his word, and he does not take sides."

The U.N.'s hike in international esteem is as fragile as peace itself, but the Soviets in particular seem intent on giving the organization even more importance in the future. Gorbachev last year publicly stressed Soviet intentions to use the U.N. for more active diplomacy. Richard Gardner, a former U.S. State Department official and now a professor of international law at Columbia University, returned last week from a Moscow visit where officials outlined Gorbachev's ideas in detail. Among them: setting up a hotline between the Secretary-General and the capitals of the five permanent Security Council members for speedy consultations; a commitment by the Big Five to submit certain kinds of disputes—so far unspecified—to the U.N.-sponsored World Court in the Hague; a conference by 1991 to devise a global strategy for environmental protection.

"For the first time," observes Gardner, "the Soviets are trying to make the U.N. work." With the Reagan Administration now adopting the same position, it may be that the world's pre-eminent peace organization will get a second lease on life.

—By Michael S. Serrill

Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and B. William Mader/New York

Where Is the Outrage?

Given the gravity of the situation, the quip seemed inappropriate at best. "I was struck by the fact that you haven't brought your gas masks with you," Iraqi Defense Minister Adnan Khairallah chided Western journalists assembled in Baghdad. Yet when pressed, Khairallah was unable to deny categorically the allegation that Iraq employed chemical weapons—outlawed by the 1925 Geneva Protocol—in putting down a rebellion of Kurds. Asserting that the use of poison gas was "technically impossible" in the Kurdish villages in dispute, Khairallah reiterated Baghdad's position that, in any case, its war against the Kurds was an internal affair, of concern only to Iraq.

An internal affair? Even in World War II, the combatants shunned chemical weapons, so reluctant were they to invite retaliation in kind. Yet until now, international reaction has been muted about Iraq's apparent crime. Last week ten nations, including the U.S., Japan and most West European countries, finally called on the U.N. to send a team of experts to Iraq to investigate the Kurdish charges. Three other countries, among them the Soviet Union, lent their support to the effort after the Reagan Administration leaked word that the U.S. had intercepted Iraqi military communications confirming that lethal gas had been used against the Kurds. Iraq promptly rejected U.N. inspection as a challenge to its sovereignty and instead invited journalists to tour the disputed area, a move that many interpreted as an artful dodge. A British diplomat dryly observed, "Experts are trained to detect signs that might escape journalists."

Despite the U.N. activity, only the U.S. seemed poised to pursue more forceful action. The Senate has passed, and the House will soon consider, a bill calling for economic sanctions against Iraq. U.S. allies were proceeding more cautiously. Britain was concerned that any criticism of Iraq might be seen as an attempt to appease Iran so as to secure the release of British hostages held by pro-Tehran groups in Lebanon. In France, although officials condemned use of chemical weapons, they also seemed mindful that Baghdad still owes Paris several billion dollars for weapons delivered during the gulf war. Besides, France—like Italy, Britain and West Germany—is jockeying for lucrative contracts to rebuild Iraq.

Arab countries, including such moderate states as Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia, have rallied behind Iraq, charging the U.S. press with overdramatizing the situation. These states, preoccupied with the threat posed to them by Iran's fundamentalist regime, are wary of undermining Iraq at a critical stage in the cease-fire. Moreover, no Arab state is eager to antagonize Iraq, which has the strongest army in the region. The Arabs also sympathize with Baghdad's contention that a U.N. investigation would set a dangerous precedent.

Even Turkey, which is host to 60,000 Kurdish refugees, is reluctant to cause trouble with its powerful neighbor Iraq. Turkey has rejected the U.N. inquiry, noting that in its own investigation, 40 doctors and 205 other health personnel reported finding no evidence of chemical warfare. "Why is the American Government putting us in a difficult position?" asked a Turkish official. One answer could be found in Washington's announcement last week that Libya is on the verge of full-scale chemical-weapons production. The unspoken message: unless the world family of nations stands firm against the use of poison gas, that dreadful weapon could become increasingly common in regional conflicts.

—By Jill Smolowe

Reported by William Dowell/Paris and B. William Mader/New York



Victims of an Iraqi chemical attack on the Kurdish village of Halabja last March



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World

BURMA

The Armed Forces Seize Power

A civilian president is ousted as the revolutionary tide rises

Red-and-gold peacock banners fluttered over much of Burma last week, symbols of a national student movement that had become an uprising. Once again, hundreds of thousands of protesting citizens poured into the streets of major cities in a concerted effort to bring down the tottering government of the ruling Burma Socialist Program Party (B.S.P.P.). To a large extent they had already succeeded. Burma's second largest city, Mandalay, was under the control of Buddhist monks: saffron-robed holy men, known as sanghas, were directing traffic. In Rangoon, the capital, the entire civil service had deserted the government. A new opposition leadership was working with students and monks to bring rice into the increasingly hungry city.

With the situation deteriorating rapidly, leaders of Burma's 180,000-member military took action. Rangoon announced Sunday that General Saw Maung, Burma's minister of defense and chief of the armed forces, had ousted civilian President Maung Maung, who took office just last month. Saw Maung immediately pledged to "restore law and order" and promised to hold multiparty elections that would end 26 years of one-party rule.

The coup came two weeks after Maung Maung himself had tried to deflect the revolutionary tide by announcing elections. But Maung Maung failed to set a date for the balloting, and the demonstrations went on. By last week the opposition's emerging leadership appeared to be focusing on the issue of how to negotiate a transfer of power. Three leading dissidents — former generals Aung Gyi and Tin Oo, and Aung San Suu Kyi, daughter of one of Burma's great nationalist heroes and the country's newest and brightest political star — wrote to Maung Maung formally rejecting the proposed elections. They were joined in that demand by former Prime Minister U Nu, who had been ousted from power in 1962. Later, a government election commission reportedly informed the regime that elections without the opposition's cooperation were impossible.

As the confrontation grew, the military seemingly remained loyal to Maung Maung and to Burma's strongman, former B.S.P.P. Chairman Ne Win, who was widely believed to be pulling strings behind the scenes. But last week some 6,000 soldiers, sailors and airmen appeared to have joined the revolt. In Rangoon graduates of

the influential Defense Services Academy, mostly majors and lieutenant colonels, issued a statement urging formation of an interim government that would include the opposition. At midweek Saw Maung appealed to the opposition on national television to avoid splitting the military.

That plea was widely interpreted to mean that the government doubted the loyalty of its own troops, and its concern

of even the most trusted troops in the nation.

Meantime, it appeared that surreptitious dickering over an interim government was already under way. As General Tin Oo, a former armed forces Chief of Staff, told TIME, "We expect a counterproposal from the government. What they need is an honorable exit, and they should have it." The regime was believed to have been bargaining to retain the Defense and Home ministries in any interim administration, which would leave it in control of the army and police forces.

Another proposal called for a non-partisan government formed from leading figures representing various "interests" and "forces" in Burmese society, rather than political parties. That would please U Nu, who has always been an independent, if erratic, political figure. The nonpartisan approach would also suit Aung San Suu Kyi, a political amateur who has charisma but no organized backing. Says she: "The country accepts me because they trust me and they associate me with my father." Aung San, who was assassinated in 1947.



Trying to topple a regime: demonstrators in Rangoon



Dissident General Tin Oo



Aung San Suu Kyi

The deteriorating situation forced the military to take action.

seemed largely justified. Of the nine regional commands in Burma, all headed by brigadier generals, about half are said to remain loyal to Ne Win. But regional command troops are locally recruited and almost certainly would not fire on their own people if ordered; nor would their junior officers. Last week a captain of one of three elite infantry divisions in Rangoon went over to the opposition, creating a new wash of speculation about the fealty

As the maneuvering continued, Saw Maung busied himself with speeches to the military in which he promised that "good news" was on the way. That probably referred to a major concern of leading government and military officials: personal safety. They have been horrified by, among other things, public beatings of people believed to be government agents. Many officials and their families have sought protection at Rangoon General Command, a military base some 14 miles north of the city, or at Tower House, a multistory building near Ne Win's villa at Rangoon's Inya Lake.

By week's end, the stage was set for Saw Maung's coup when the government announced that members of the military and civil servants could no longer belong to the B.S.P.P. That decision effectively divorced the army from the ruling party. At the same time, the Burmese people themselves, by some metaphysical process, seemed to sense that change was imminent. Astrology plays an important role in Burma, and last week one of the country's leading astrologers, Saya Gyi Theikpan Myint, predicted that by the end of September "the present party in power will disintegrate."

The astrologer may be right. Burma may now face a choice between the formation of an interim government that would represent all parties, or a tragic confrontation between the military and the increasingly assertive opposition.

—By William Stewart/Rangoon

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by Dan Bricklin



A graduate of MIT and Harvard Business School, Dan Bricklin was co-inventor of the first electronic spreadsheet, *VisiCalc*. His new passion is fertile imagination to work running his own company, Software Garden, Inc.

"I'm pretty well known in the world of high tech. But frankly, I'm not well known for high fashion. Quite the opposite, in fact.

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World

SOUTHERN AFRICA

Hope, Blood And Defiance

A hijacking mars a papal visit

No sooner had cheering crowds welcomed Pope John Paul II to tiny Lesotho (pop. 1.6 million) last week than the cool night air erupted in explosions and flashes of light. But these were not fireworks welcoming the Pontiff. Blocks from the route the Pope's motorcade had taken through Maseru, the capital, South African commandos were storming a hijacked bus on which a band of antigovernment Lesotho guerrillas had been holding 71 Catholic pilgrims for 29 hours. When the gunfire ended, three of the four rebels lay dead. So did a 14-year-old girl, one of 31 children on board, who was killed in the cross fire. The fourth hijacker and a 55-year-old male hostage died a day later.



Surprise: the Pope and Botha at the airport
A public relations windfall for Pretoria.

The tragedy came amid a week of turmoil—and a few gestures of amity—in strife-prone southern Africa, a region of guerrilla conflicts and racial hostilities. John Paul had arrived in Lesotho via a circuitous route. Bad weather forced his chartered Air Zimbabwe jet to veer from Maseru and land at Jan Smuts Airport in Johannesburg. The unscheduled stop was a public relations windfall for South Africa, which had been pointedly excluded from the Pope's five-nation tour. While John Paul did not kiss the ground at the airport, as is his custom on first visiting a country, he spent two hours with Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha, who greeted him and led him through throngs of astonished passengers to the VIP lounge.

Botha ordered 100 lunches and several bottles of South African wine for the papal entourage and settled back to discuss the latest developments in southern Africa. While he and the Pope chatted, government officials hastily arranged for

a motorcade to take the papal party on the 300-mile journey to Lesotho, a black-ruled kingdom entirely surrounded by South Africa. "We consider it a privilege to assist the Holy Father," said an obviously elated Botha. "We are known for our hospitality."

Just miles from the airport, an embarrassing standoff was unfolding between the government and three anti-apartheid leaders who escaped from custody earlier in the week. The three, who were being held without trial under South Africa's 27-month-old state-of-emergency laws, slipped away from guards while receiving physical therapy at Johannesburg Hospital. After making their way across the city, they took refuge in the U.S. consulate on the eleventh floor of the bustling Kine Center, a popular shopping and office complex.

Though the government said it would not rearrest the men if they left the building, all three vowed to stay in the consulate unless they were allowed to go free without political restrictions. They also demanded an end to the state of emergency and the release of more than 800 political detainees. U.S. State Department officials said the escapees would not be forced to leave "against their will." The point was buttressed by a spokesman for the U.S. embassy in Pretoria, who declared that "consular premises are inviolable and host governments may not enter without consent."

The impasse dimmed some of the luster of a rare episode of diplomacy in the region: State President P.W. Botha's first official visit to neighboring black African states. Even as the Pope was in nearby Zimbabwe, Botha journeyed to Mozambique and Malawi with peace proposals of his own last week. After meeting with Mozambican President Joaquim Chissano, Botha gave assurances that Pretoria would no longer aid rebels of the Mozambique National Resistance, also known as Renamo. The right-wing guerrillas have been trying for 13 years to topple the Marxist government, cutting rail lines, sacking villages and driving farmers off their land. The bitter civil war has destroyed much of the country's food supply and devastated its economy.

Botha also pledged South Africa's help in restarting Mozambique's giant Cahora Bassa hydroelectric-power dam project, whose transmission lines have been repeatedly sabotaged by the Renamo insurgents since the facility was built in 1975. That promise showed both neighborliness and self-interest, since the dam's chief customer will be South Africa. Altogether, the encounter may have reflected a new willingness on the part of Pretoria to pursue conciliatory policies toward its black neighbors abroad while continuing to crack down on opponents of apartheid at home.

—By John Greenwald,
Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Maseru and
Maryanne Völlers/Johannesburg

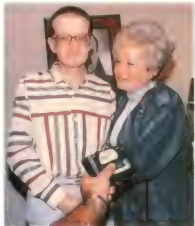
WEST GERMANY

Chipping Away At Terrorism

Hammadi is named as a killer

The West gained a bit more ground last week in its fight against the scourge of terrorism. In a high-security courtroom in Frankfurt, Mohammed Ali Hammadi faced the most damaging testimony yet in his two-month-old trial for the 1985 hijacking of TWA Flight 847 and the murder of a U.S. Navy diver. In Beirut, meanwhile, West German businessman Rudolf Cordes, kidnapped 20 months ago as a direct result of Hammadi's capture, was suddenly released. Thus Bonn, which had unwittingly put its citizens at risk because a terrorist happened to fall into its hands, could breathe easier, and with a measure of satisfaction.

Hammadi was arrested 19 months af-



Ex-Hostage Cordes with wife in Damascus
"I am supposed to be released today."

ter the TWA hijacking for trying to smuggle liquid explosives through Frankfurt's international airport. Within a few days, fellow members of a Shiite suspect believed to have links with the radical, Iranian Hizballah (Party of God) kidnapped Cordes and Alfred Schmidt, another West German, as bargaining chips for Hammadi's release. Bonn refused any such deal but turned down a U.S. request for Hammadi's extradition.

Schmidt was set free a year ago, reportedly after his employer, the Siemens electric company, paid up to \$10 million in ransom. The weekly magazine *Stern* said last week that a mysterious detective involved in Schmidt's release had also been negotiating on behalf of Cordes' company, the Frankfurt chemical firm Hoechst AG. The company labeled that claim "outrageous."

The most dramatic testimony in Hammadi's trial last week came from John Testrake, 60, the American pilot

Volunteerism: THE TRUE SPIRIT OF THE OLYMPICS

The American Olympic ideal. For most of us, it's reflected in the image of the young athlete, training long hours for no more reward than the chance to compete for his or her country. But there are less familiar figures who also embody that ideal: the everyday people, too numerous to count, who quietly volunteer long hours of their own time to ensure that U.S. Teams compete in the Olympic Games.

One appreciative U.S. athlete commented, "It's as if they feel a part of the Team just by helping out, and when we succeed, they succeed." United States Olympic Committee President Robert Helmick puts it even more strongly: "Without volunteers, it's safe to say there would be no 1988 U.S. Olympic Team."

Who are the "Silent Olympians"?

Meet Doug Doyle. As far as anyone knows, he's given more hours to the U.S. Olympic effort than any other volunteer in history. When Doyle retired in 1983 from a career in banking, he offered his services to the United States Olympic Committee (USOC). "Now, I'm kind of on society's receiving end. It makes sense for me to try to give something back," says Doyle.

The 70-year-old Doyle has given more than his share, logging over 1700 hours in the mail room and press office. It's work that would normally have cost the USOC thousands of dollars, but Doyle believes he's gotten the best deal: "I get to see it all," he says.

But not all U.S. Olympic volunteers are retirees with free time on their hands. Dr. Bill Grana, who joined the USOC's Volunteer Medical Corps in 1983, spends three weeks a year away from his family and busy orthopedic practice. But unlike most volunteers, Grana and his volunteer colleagues had to apply for the job. They were accepted only after intense competitive qualification of their skills.

Grana, who served at the World University games in Italy and the Pan American games in Indianapolis, is now in Seoul, Korea for the Summer Games. He, along with a handful of other doctors, trainers and physical therapists

is responsible for the physical care of more than 1,050 athletes, coaches and staff. Grana says, "The medical folks will have to function as a team, just like the athletes." Prior experience tells him that the conditions may not be optimal—Grana is used to sleeping four to a room, skipping showers and working with short supplies. But the camaraderie developed by the cooperative Olympic spirit is part of what he values most. "You work closely with some of the best people in the country," he says.

Athletes need volunteer help

The admiration that volunteers feel for U.S. Olympic athletes does not go unreturned. Fencer Lee Shelley, currently the nation's fourth-ranked epee fencer, sees a special quality in U.S. Olympic volunteers. "I've met a number of people who are involved with the U.S. Olympic Team on a voluntary basis, and they're all highly motivated, successful people," says Shelley. "I think that's why they're drawn to the Olympics; they recognize the same kind of drive in the athletes that they have themselves."

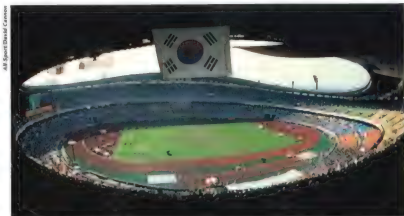
How does Shelley know so much about volunteers? He got a job through the USOC's Olympic Job Opportunities Program (OJOP). OJOP uses volunteers from the business community to place Olympic-caliber athletes in salaried jobs that suit their career path. Such jobs also allow athletes to receive an income for the time off they need to train and compete.

Because of his job flexibility, Shelley has been able to attend competitions in Europe—crucial for an American in a sport still largely dominated by European athletes. But there's another long-term advantage that Shelley is equally happy about: "It's given me the opportunity to have a real career."

Financial donations still necessary

Many people and companies generously donate their time and skills to the Olympic ideal. But it's important to remember that only through continued corporate and private funding will the Olympic spirit live on.

The volunteer spirit is a combination of time and money donated to the worthy cause of international cooperation through sports. And while corporations and individuals contribute to the overall giving effort, it's folks like Doug Doyle who typify the true meaning of volunteerism. As you watch the Summer Games at Seoul, Doug Doyle will be quietly chalking up hour number 2,000 of his volunteer work—and setting a different kind of U.S. Olympic record!



The Korean flag is raised over Seoul's Olympic Stadium, the site of opening ceremonies.



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World

who won praise for his steady conduct throughout the 17-day ordeal of Flight 847. Hammadi admitted in early August that he was one of the plane's two armed hijackers. Testrake not only confirmed this but also presented the most direct evidence so far that Hammadi committed the onboard murder of U.S. Navy Diver Robert Stethem, whose body was dumped onto the Beirut airport tarmac.

The killing, Testrake testified, took place during negotiations between airport authorities and the other hijacker over refueling the aircraft. Prosecutors have identified him as Hassan Izz-al-Din, a Lebanese who remains at large. "The hijacker began screaming into the radio," said Testrake. "He turned to his accomplice and screamed [in Arabic] what sounded like an order." According to Testrake, Hammadi pulled Stethem, who had been bound and beaten unconscious, to his feet and out of Testrake's view. "I heard a single pistol shot, and then the other hijacker screamed at me to tell the tower that one passenger had been shot."

Flight Engineer Benjamin Zimmermann, 48, told of accompanying Hammadi to inspect the aircraft's exterior while it was on the tarmac in Algiers a few hours later. "Hammadi pointed to the door and the bloodstains running from the sill," said Zimmermann. "He made gestures to the pistol and himself... indicating that he was proud of his gun and himself for causing this." Hammadi repeated his denials that he had killed Stethem.

The first sign of a break in the hostage case was the publication of a handwritten note from Cordes to a Beirut newspaper announcing, "I am supposed to be released today." Cordes was dropped off in southern Beirut and then taken to Damascus, where he was reunited with his wife Marlene. The release was a personal triumph for West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher. He has carefully tended his country's diplomatic channels with Iran, which has influence with Hizballah. Said Genscher: "The affair shows that quiet diplomacy, often criticized as softness, has brought more success than loud protest."

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by James Graff/Frankfurt



Testrake in cockpit of hijacked jet



Calculated savagery: terrified worshippers at St. Jean Bosco Church seek cover from attackers

HAITI

A New General Takes Command

After a slaughter in a sanctuary, a coup topples the military leader

The political turmoil that has gripped Haiti ever since the overthrow of Dictator Jean-Claude Duvalier in 1986 has taken another dramatic turn. A military coup last Saturday night ousted Lieut. General Henri Namphy as the country's leader. He and Franck Romain, mayor of the capital city of Port-au-Prince, were taken to Haiti's international airport to be put on a Sunday flight to Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic, where they have been granted political asylum. Brigadier General Prosper Avril, a Haitian power broker who had close ties to Duvalier, declared himself the new President of Haiti.

Namphy had spent Saturday afternoon with Romain on a tour of poor neighborhoods in Port-au-Prince. But when Namphy returned to the presidential palace, soldiers blocked his way and arrested him. Throughout the evening, sporadic gunfire could be heard in various parts of the capital, as rival army factions fired warning shots at one another. For now at least, Avril seems to have persuaded the various factions to accept his leadership.

The coup marked the end of a tumultuous tenure for Namphy, who took over after Duvalier fled the country in February 1986. The general had surrendered nominal power to a civilian President, Leslie Manigat, last February, but Namphy and the military seized control once again in June. Ironically, Avril was widely believed to be the guiding force behind Namphy's regime. But Avril may have decided that



A casualty of the massacre

growing public outrage at the heavy-handed tactics of Namphy's government made the time ripe for a change in leadership. Both Namphy and Romain had been blamed for brutal violence directed at opponents of the military.

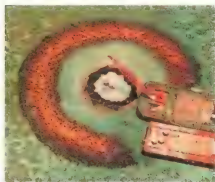
The most shocking incident occurred on Sunday, Sept. 11: a band of thugs rushed into Port-au-Prince's St. Jean Bosco Church, where the Rev. Jean-Bertrand Aristide, a staunch opponent of the government, was preaching a message of revolutionary faith and defiance. Wielding machetes, revolvers and long, sharpened metal skewers known as *fwen*, the attackers struck at anyone in their path. As members of the congregation scrambled through doors and windows, several parishioners hustled Aristide out a side door and into an adjacent school. But eleven people were killed in the melee, and more than 80 wounded. Among the injured: a badly skewered woman who, six weeks ahead of schedule, delivered by Cesarean section a baby girl bleeding from multiple wounds.

Eye witnesses, who charged that soldiers at an army compound across the street from the church had watched the assault without interceding, identified many of the attackers as men who work for Romain, a tough former colonel who told Radio Metropole that Aristide was a rabble-rouser who got what he deserved. Haitians now hope that Avril's new government will put a stop to the bloodletting.

—By Jill Smolowe.

Reported by Bernard Diederich/Port-au-Prince

World Notes



JAPAN Shoring up a speck of sovereignty



GREECE Pre-election



SOVIET UNION Visit to the complaint department

DIPLOMACY

New Year's Surprise

The bespectacled figure with the scraggly beard and the checkered kaffiyeh headdress was familiar. The manner in which he smilingly addressed Jews around the world—with their traditional New Year's greeting, *shana tovah*—was not. Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat, who earlier had spoken to a meeting of 165 socialist deputies to the European Parliament in Strasbourg last week, was clearly determined to make a good impression.

Arafat hinted at two possible courses of action for his organization: proclaim a Palestinian state in the Israeli-held Arab territories, or advocate a U.N.-backed mandate in them after Israeli withdrawal. But a final decision, he said, must await the forthcoming meeting of the 451-member Palestine National Council, for which no date has yet been announced.

SOVIET UNION

A New Airing For Old Gripes

"Go into our stores, Mikhail Sergeyevich!" shouted a woman in a crowd that surrounded Soviet Leader Gorbachev last week as he visited the Siberian city of Krasnoyarsk. "You'll

find nothing there!" In the Soviet Union, where shortages of consumer goods are chronic, that complaint was not surprising. Nor were the criticisms voiced by Krasnoyarsk residents of housing, medical care and the Soviet bureaucracy.

What was startling about the grievances was that they were broadcast on nationwide television for successive nights, accompanied by Gorbachev's ridicule of local Communist Party officials. "What have you been doing about the issues?" Gorbachev asked the local brass during one meeting. "We have been fighting," replied one politician. Retorted Gorbachev: "What kind of battle is it when you have no casualties and you have lost the battle completely?"

GREECE

Love Among The Ruins

His open romance with a younger woman has already earned him a national tongue-lashing, but there seems to be no end to the abuse Greek Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu is willing to suffer in the name of love. While in London awaiting open-heart surgery, Papandreu, 69, announced last week that he would seek a divorce from Margaret, his American-born wife of 37 years, when he returns to Athens. In Britain the Greek leader has been photographed holding hands with

Olympic Airways Flight Attendant Dimitra Liani, 34.

Papandreu's announcement came only 48 hours after his wife hit him over the head with a political frying pan by issuing a statement blaming "those circles who have been in close contact with him" for his illness. The divorce is seen as an effort by the Prime Minister to put the scandal behind him before next year's national elections.

JAPAN

Tight Little Islands

At high tide they sit barely 2 ft above the Pacific—when the ocean is calm—and are no larger than a pair of king-size beds. Yet the two coral promontories, known as Okinotorishima (Offshore Bird Islands), 1,300 miles southwest of Tokyo, are the southernmost points of Japanese sovereignty. Under international law, they provide the country with an exclusive, fish-rich economic zone of 163,000 sq. mi., an area larger than Japan itself—as long as they remain above water.

The islands, which once covered several square miles, are eroding at an alarming rate. To keep them from vanishing, a fleet of 17 ships and 200 workers have spent five months building concentric rings of 9,000 steel blocks and pouring concrete around the two rocky specks. The project will take

three years to complete and will cost \$224 million.

BRITAIN

Le Carré, Call M15, Fast

The incident: as Carlos Medina Pérez, a third secretary in the Cuban embassy, left his apartment in London last week, he ran into some people who were waiting on the street. Medina Pérez started shooting at them. After they fled, he surrendered to police, claiming that he had feared for his life.

The diplomatic flap: the Foreign Office quickly announced the expulsion of Medina Pérez and the Cuban Ambassador, Oscar Fernández Mell. Officials said those fired on were performing routine surveillance.

The spy thriller: intelligence sources let on that the group outside the apartment had included Florentino Aspillaga, a Cuban intelligence agent who defected to the U.S. last year. In London a Cuban embassy spokesman charged that the CIA and Britain's M15 were pressuring Medina Pérez to defect and that he had opened fire to keep from being kidnapped. M15 sources said Medina Pérez was a Cuban intelligence agent who had convinced the British he was ready to defect. Had he been lying so he could set up Aspillaga for assassination? Or had he panicked? Calling Le Carré.

Economy & Business

Buy Stocks? No Way!

Spurning Wall Street, small investors put their money elsewhere

“Wild horses couldn't drag me back into stocks. Rather than gamble in this market, I might as well go to Las Vegas.” So says Curtis Beusman, owner of a sports-medicine clinic in Mount Kisco, N.Y., and he is not talking theory. During the past several years, Beusman has dumped \$300,000

connected. Faced with the market's volatility in the past year, intensified by program trading, these investors fear getting caught up in avalanches beyond their control. At the same time, rising interest rates are attracting them to secure, fixed-income investments, typically bank certificates of deposit and Treasury bonds. The small-timers' absence from the stock

trading, individual shareholders still control the majority of stock listed in the U.S. But they have sold off more stocks than they have bought during 16 of the past 17 years, while institutions have been net buyers. Sindlinger & Co., a research firm, estimates that only 3.7% of all U.S. stock-owning households have immediate plans to buy more shares, down from 35% near



Meuli bought four buildings in Los Angeles



Hoyt goes for gold as a hedge



Berk furnished a new office

“I only want solid things... I keep looking at banks that are paying good interest rates.”

worth of stock, more than 80% of his holdings. He is far from alone. Eleven months after last year's crash, most individual investors are avoiding stocks as if they were poison. Some Wall Street executives fear that many of these investors may be leaving the market for good, to the detriment of brokerage firms and future bull markets. Says Hardwick Simmons, vice chairman of Shearson Lehman Hutton: “The small investor is an endangered species.”

With good reason. Insider-trading scandals, capped by this month's sweeping fraud charges against the investment firm Drexel Burnham Lambert, have convinced small investors that the Wall Street game is best played by the well-

“It's almost a vote of confidence that things are going to get worse.”

market is dampening the averages and reducing business for brokerage houses. To win them back, both the markets and the brokerage industry have launched campaigns to reassure investors that Wall Street is solid and equitable.

So far these moves have failed to be persuasive. As of January, individual investors accounted for only 23% of all trades on the New York Stock Exchange, down from 29% last October and 50% in 1970. On some days their participation drops as low as 10%. The rest consists of transactions carried out for institutional investors, including brokerage houses trading for their own accounts and pension funds.

Despite the slump in small-investor

“At least I'm investing in something I believe in. The market has become a crapshoot.”

the peak of last year's bull market.

Such widespread avoidance of Wall Street is producing some painfully quiet days for traders. A year ago, volume on the New York Stock Exchange often exceeded 200 million shares a day. Since the crash, it has typically reached just 160 million shares. Meanwhile, the Dow Jones average has drifted down from a high of 2169.45 three months ago to a low of 1978.66 during August. Last week the stock market was buoyed somewhat by a sharp improvement in U.S. trade during July: the spread between exports and imports narrowed to \$9.5 billion, down from a \$13.2 billion deficit the previous month. In reaction, the Dow rose 29.34 points, closing the week at 2098.15.

Investors are loath to return to the market because they remember all too clearly how helpless and exploited they felt on Black Monday. Many stockholders could not reach their brokers and felt whipsawed as they heard on radio and television that large institutions were rushing to dump stock. "Individual investors are still licking their wounds from the crash," says Suresh Sundaresan, professor of finance at Columbia University's School of Business. So far this year the three major stock exchanges have arbitrated more than 3,000 complaint cases between brokers and shareholders, a 66% increase over the same period last year.

Many small investors see the stock market as a clip joint dominated by behind-the-scenes players, a suspicion no doubt aggravated earlier this month when the Securities and Exchange Commission accused Drexel Burnham's junk-bond king, Michael Milken, of teaming up with the now imprisoned arbitrageur Ivan Boesky to carry out insider trading and an array of other securities violations. Says a New York City-based financial analyst: "Many people think the stock market is one of the sleaziest enterprises in the world, only slightly better than dope dealing."

Even before Black Monday, many investors worried about the market's wild streak. As computer-driven program trading became commonplace among large institutional investors, which use the strategy to make a quick profit by simultaneously trading huge batches of stocks and related contracts on the futures markets, the market lurched and lunged by more than 100 points a day.

Rising interest rates are also keeping investors away from the stock market. When a two-year U.S. Treasury note earns annual interest of 8.6%, stocks appear exceedingly risky to some. "I can get close to 9% without worrying about all those traders in New York," says Charles Janke, a Houston investor. "You can't beat that." Many individuals are turning to a relatively unusual type of Treasury note: zero-coupon bonds. Like savings bonds but issued in denominations of \$1,000 to \$5,000, these certificates are sold at a deep discount on their face value at maturity, from six months to 40 years off. A record \$5.3 billion worth of zero-coupon Treasury bonds were sold in August, about ten times the volume sold during the same month last year.

Many disillusioned shareholders are looking for an investment over which they can have some control. Last year Peter Hoyt and his wife Peggy sold most of their stock in order to finance a magazine-publishing business venture. "Unless it's your full-time vocation to play around in the market, it's a dangerous game," Hoyt says. At the same time, Hoyt put money into a gold fund as a hedge against inflation or hard times. Says



he: "It's almost a vote of confidence that things are going to get worse."

Judith Meuli, 50, was an active stock-market investor for ten years, putting money mostly into savings-and-loan and technology issues, until she lost \$6,000 in the crash. Says Meuli: "I only want solid things, like real estate." Since 1983, she has bought, rehabilitated and rented four apartment houses, mostly in marginal Los Angeles neighborhoods. She prefers a safe haven for her spare cash as well: "I keep looking at banks that are paying good interest rates." New Yorker Peggy Berk, 37, who owns a media-consulting firm, cashed in stock worth \$45,000. She spent about \$40,000 moving her office to Fifth Avenue and furnishing it. "At least I'm investing in something I believe in," says Berk. "The stock market has become a crapshoot." Berk's remaining \$5,000 will appear on her back: she bought two fur coats.

Still, a hardy minority of small investors profess to be unfazed by the exodus from the stock market. George Ware, 64, administrator of the research group at the Morton Arboretum in Lisle, Ill., has been investing in the stock market for 46 years. "I've been through so many ups and downs that it's not as upsetting as it used to be," Ware says. He keeps a fairly constant 25% of his portfolio in stocks, although he has gradually swapped more speculative shares for blue chips.

But such investors are getting rarer, as any stockbroker can attest. For the first six months of the year, commissions at all brokerage firms fell to \$3.5 billion, down from \$4.5 billion last year. Pretax profits declined 36%, to \$1.6 billion from \$2.5 bil-

Economy & Business

lion. In general, companies that are most dependent on retail business have been the hardest hit, since individual investors pay higher commissions than their institutional counterparts. Paine Webber suffered a 99% drop in its second-quarter profits from the same period last year, and is rumored to be a takeover target. The poor profits are likely to prompt still another round of Wall Street layoffs before the end of the year. Since the crash, as many as 25,000 brokerage-industry workers have lost their jobs.

Partly to lure back the small investor, the stock exchanges have made some major reforms. Because the simultaneous program trading of stocks in Manhattan and index futures in Chicago has often aggravated market volatility, the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Mer-

cantile Exchange have proposed placing restrictions on prices when they start sliding out of control. If the Dow Jones average fell 250 points or more in one session, trading would stop for one hour on the Big Board and in Chicago's Standard & Poors futures pit. The New York Stock Exchange hopes to open an "express lane" to speed up the trades of small investors. Whenever the Dow moves 25 points or more in a single day, individual investors trading 2,000 shares or less would be allowed to execute their buy or sell orders before any large institution began to trade. All such reform proposals will need approval from the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Brokerage firms are resorting to some old-fashioned salesmanship to win back

their wayward customers. Steve Hasbrouck, national sales manager for Cleveland-based Prescott, Ball & Turben, tells his brokers to meet with their clients in person rather than make perfunctory phone calls. Says Hasbrouck: "They're much better off sitting down with the client and his family over a cup of coffee." Hasbrouck's brokers, like most in the industry today, inquire more carefully about their customers' financial needs, asking about plans for retirement or children's college education. Brokers need their old clients, and the customers know it. Now that small investors are playing hard to get, they may start receiving the attention they deserve.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Lisa Kartus/Chicago and Thomas McCarroll/New York

Teaming Up Against Big Blue

Makers of IBM clones rally behind their own computing standard

Since IBM's first personal computers reached retail stores seven years ago, the industry giant and most of its competitors have adhered to a follow-the-leader tradition. IBM's product line has set the basic standards, while the smaller companies—at least those that were not following Apple Computer's lead—have manufactured compatible versions offering advantages like greater speed or lower cost. The copycats, though they have snared some of Big Blue's potential sales, have actually helped sustain the company's PC system as the industry standard by expanding the market for IBM-compatible machines and encouraging software companies to write thousands of programs for them.

Suddenly IBM is faltering as a standard setter, and the copycats are breaking away. Last week officers of nine leading computer companies—among them Tandy, Compaq and Hewlett-Packard—gathered in a Times Square hotel ballroom to declare their independence. The computer makers, who collectively sold 50% more personal machines last year than IBM did, plan to join ranks with 55 other manufacturers and suppliers to develop their own standards for the equipment's inner workings. By creating their new system, dubbed Extended Industry Standard Architecture, the renegades are betting that the \$39 billion personal-computer business has grown large enough to support yet another distinct standard, in addition to IBM's and Apple's.

The so-called Gang of Nine has seized the opportunity to part with IBM because they believe the computer maker took a wrong turn in its evolution of the PC when the company introduced its new line of Personal System/2 computers in



April 1987. For the more powerful machines in the PS/2 series, the company drastically revamped the wiring, known as a bus, through which bits of data travel to various parts of the computer. The new bus, which IBM calls the Micro Channel, enables a computer user to perform such functions as writing and printing simultaneously instead of having to perform each task in succession.

IBM's strategy, in part, was to cripple the clones; the company even began demanding a 5% licensing fee from companies that sought to copy the PS/2. But the Micro Channel has proved too distinctive for its own good. Because it does not fully mesh with the old PC standard, the 34.8 million users of the original IBM PCs and IBM-compatible machines cannot use their peripheral equipment with the new PS/2 computers.

IBM has sold more than 3 million PS/2 computers worldwide in the past 18 months, but the company is lagging behind its rivals in growth. While competitors are expected to sell 11.6 million machines this year, 26% more than in 1987, IBM's unit sales are likely to grow 18%. Even though minicomputers and mainframes account for the bulk of IBM's total revenues (\$54.2 billion in 1987) and PCs for only 10%, the desktop market has become a high-prestige field of competition.

The dissident group hopes to attract IBM's disaffected customers by offering a new system that will be compatible with the old standard but faster and more powerful. However, the Gang of Nine has not yet finished designing its new circuitry, and is not expected to bring any products on the market for at least a year. Says William Lowe, head of the IBM unit that produces its PCs: "All they're showing now is a set of charts."

On the same day that IBM's rivals held their big bash, the company counterattacked, introducing a low-end PS/2 machine (base price: \$1,995) that is compatible with the old system. IBM has slashed prices of some other PS/2 machines as much as 18% and has extended a program of sales bonuses for dealers. To bolster its workstation, the RT, the company reportedly plans to buy rights to some of the software for a computer due to be unveiled next month by a longtime IBM nemesis: Steven Jobs, the brash Apple co-founder who now runs a company called Next.

Many experts believe IBM's Micro Channel was a breakthrough that computer users will find invaluable in the future. But, for the moment, "customers are saying, 'Show me the benefits,'" says Analyst William Lempsis of Dataquest. Until IBM does, the buying public will be a ripe audience for the offerings of the rebellious clones.

—By Gordon Bock.
Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles and Thomas McCarroll/New York

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Economy & Business

Good News on Trade—But Beware

With U.S. factories overburdened, imports may stay high

One of President Reagan's best applause lines last week was an economic figure with a lot of punch. "The news is very good," he said, provoking suspense among his audience of 9,000 people at Southeast Missouri State University. His bulletin: the U.S. trade deficit plunged to \$9.5 billion during July, down from \$13.2 billion in June and the smallest since December 1984. "When America goes into the market to compete," Reagan declared, "we play to win." The trade figures, which reflected a 0.7% boost in U.S. exports and an 8.9% drop in imports, prompted almost giddy reactions within the Administration. Only a day earlier Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady had predicted during his Senate confirmation hearings that "one of the surprises of the next two or three years will be how fast" the trade gap will shrink.

Yet some economists were murmuring their doubts even as they welcomed the improvement. From January through July, the trade gap was running at an annual average of \$137 billion, down from \$170.3 billion last year. By historical standards the deficit remains enormous, and further progress may become increasingly difficult. A prime reason is that America's factories, which went through a long period of downsizing for efficiency's sake, no longer produce the diversity or volume of products needed to meet the heavy demands of a healthy U.S. economy.

Now that a scaled-down dollar has made American goods competitively priced, factories have been running at nearly top speed this year to fill orders from customers at home and overseas. During August, U.S. factories, mines and utilities operated at 83.7% of capacity, the highest figure since 1980. A few industries are approaching their output limits, which means that rising U.S. demand may force buyers to look overseas for their supplies.

In some cases, U.S. companies have abandoned markets in which they lost their competitive edge, so Americans have little choice but to buy foreign. The most hopeless case is consumer electronics, in which Asians control the market not only for established products (videocassette recorders, stereos) but also for

new ones (compact-disc players). Only about half the color TVs sold in the U.S. are produced in this country, and most of those are made by foreign-owned factories. Zenith, the sole remaining major U.S. manufacturer of color TVs, controls just 15% of the domestic market.

Asian companies have achieved a similar lock on the office-equipment market. No American company makes facsimile machines, a \$914 million business in the U.S. Such Japanese companies as Canon and Sharp produce 94% of the small copiers sold in the U.S. as well.

Through price cutting, the Japanese and Koreans have virtually pushed U.S. semiconductor manufacturers out of the market for the dynamic random-access memory chip, or D-RAM, which serves as the electronic memory in thousands of devices, ranging from personal computers to toasters. Surging production of such products in the U.S. has caused a chip shortage that the Asian manufacturers have been able to exploit. During the first half of this year, Japanese companies shipped \$978 million worth of semiconductors to the U.S., a 44% increase over the same period last year.

In some industries, U.S. companies maintain a powerful position but lack the capacity to keep up with roaring demand. America's paper mills, which cut back sharply during a long slump, are running at 97% of capacity. But the U.S. demand for paper so outstrips domestic production that 15% of the business goes to foreign companies, mostly Canadian.

Many products bearing American brand names are really imports or contain a large portion of foreign parts. The Ford Escort uses a Japanese transmission, and 60% of the company's new Probe, to be assembled by Mazda in Flat Rock, Mich., will consist of foreign components. Chrysler's New Yorker and Dodge Dynasty are powered by a Mitsubishi-made V-6 engine.

Many American companies say they are planning to bring manufacturing operations back to the U.S. now that production costs have declined. Spending on new plant and equipment, which stagnated in 1985-86, is finally on the upswing. The Commerce Department estimates a jump of 11% this year, which should help factories meet rising demand and even enable some companies to get back into markets taken over by foreign producers.

Until the U.S. rebuilds its industrial capacity, however, the robust economy and the accompanying demand for imports are going to make the trade deficit difficult to reduce much more. Says Robert Brusca, chief economist at Nikko Securities in Manhattan: "The economy is growing, and that will stop trade progress dead in its tracks." At some point, however, heavy demand for imports may force a solution by aggravating inflation. That would be likely to prompt the Federal Reserve to dampen the consumer appetite for spending with a further increase in interest rates.

—By Stephen Koeppe.

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Dennis Wyss/San Francisco



A Ford engine gets a Mazda transmission; a paper mill goes full tilt

By historical standards, the deficit remains enormous.



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Business Notes



AUTOS The '89 Buick Riviera, rear, has grown 11 in.



LITIGATION Searle's IUD



RETAILING Do women pay unfair fees for tailoring?

AUTOS

Return of the Lead Sleds

Like dry martinis and folk music, another icon of the 1960s is coming back: the big, long car. Among several 1989 models that General Motors unveiled last week was the new Buick Riviera, fully 11 in. longer than the 1988 version. The Cadillac division's new Fleetwood and DeVille models are as much as 9 in. longer than last year's cars, and they even sport a discreet version of their old tail fins.

Customers are buying such boaty vehicles because gasoline is relatively cheap, and GM and Ford are determined to satisfy the demand. Even though the cars are more fuel efficient than comparably sized models of the 1960s and early '70s, their tendency to guzzle gas is causing headaches for the two largest U.S. automakers. Last week GM and Ford executives urged federal regulators to modify a fuel-economy law, passed in the energy-crisis year of 1975, that would require 1989 fleets to get an average of 27.5 m.p.g., up from 26 m.p.g. this year. GM is asking for a smaller increase, to 26.5 m.p.g.

If the higher standard is imposed, GM claims, the company will lose market share to foreign competitors and could be forced to lay off as many as 60,000 workers. Environmentalists blasted the automakers'

proposal to modify the fuel-economy law, contending that it would increase hydrocarbon pollution and aggravate the greenhouse effect.

LITIGATION

The Copper-7's Costly Legacy

Executives at the Monsanto chemical company must have watched the stock-market opening last week with unusual trepidation. For good reason: after the market closed the previous Friday, a federal court jury in St. Paul awarded \$8.75 million to a woman hurt by a Copper-7 intrauterine contraceptive device manufactured by G.D. Searle, a Monsanto subsidiary. The penalty raised a question: Could Monsanto go the way of A.H. Robins, which was forced into bankruptcy proceedings because of lawsuits generated by its Dalkon Shield IUD?

Probably not, but many Monsanto shareholders wanted to sell while they had a chance. In two days of hectic trading, the company's shares tumbled \$11.13, bottoming at \$74.63 before recovering a bit to close the week at \$77.88.

The jury found that Searle had insufficiently tested the birth-control device and concluded that the IUD caused Plaintiff Esther Kociemba to develop a pelvic infection that led to sterility. Until that ver-

dict was handed down, Searle had won all but three of the Copper-7 cases that had gone to jury trials. Two of the cases ended with awards of just \$550,000; in the third case no award has yet been made. Hundreds of complaints, though, were settled out of court for undisclosed sums. Some 1,300 separate lawsuits have been filed against Searle since 1974, and more are no doubt on the way. Monsanto is confident that any hefty judgment will be reversed on appeal.

MEETINGS

Securing Berlin For Bankers

When radical groups started promising to provide "stressful nights" for visiting "bankers and bosses," officials in West Berlin grew uneasy. So as 10,000 moneymen and bureaucrats begin arriving this week for the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, security will be even tighter than it was for President Reagan's visit in June 1987.

An estimated 6,000 city police officers and at least 2,700 more shipped in from West Germany will protect the bankers, who will be shielded also by barbed wire, ID checkpoints and direct phone links with the police. Local protest organizers claim that 40,000 demonstrators, from environ-

mentalists to Communists, will turn out to condemn the bankers' allegedly oppressive policies toward debt-burdened developing countries.

RETAILING

A Tailor-Made Lawsuit

Many department stores have a double standard when it comes to alterations on clothing: women pay extra but men do not. Most shoppers accept this inequality, but not Muriel Mabry and Lori Anderson, two California businesswomen. When they bought dresses this summer at a Saks Fifth Avenue store in Costa Mesa, Calif., they were each charged about \$40 for alterations. Meanwhile, the women claim, Anderson's husband bought a suit and tuxedo that the store tailored for free.

The women took their case to Feminist Attorney Gloria Alfred, who filed a class-action suit on their behalf this month in a California state court, accusing Saks of illegal discrimination. The women ask for an injunction that would force the store to charge equally for alterations. The suit also seeks damages of at least \$250 for every California woman who has been hurt by Saks' alleged bias during the past three years. Saks, which plans to fight the suit, says it sets alteration charges based solely on the work involved.

Technology

COVER STORY

INVASION OF THE DATA Snatchers!

A "VIRUS" EPIDEMIC STRIKES TERROR IN THE COMPUTER WORLD

Froma Joselow was getting ready to bang out a newspaper story when the invisible intruder struck. Joselow, a financial reporter at the Providence *Journal-Bulletin*, had carefully slipped a disk holding six months' worth of notes and interviews into one of the newsroom computers when the machine's familiar whir was pierced by a sharp, high-pitched beep. Each time she tried to call a file to the screen, the warning DISK ERROR flashed instead. It was as if the contents of her floppy disk had vanished. "I got that sinking feeling," recalls Joselow. "Every writing project of mine was on that disk."

In the *Journal-Bulletin's* computer center, where Joselow took her troubled floppy, the detective work began immediately. Using a binary editor—the computer equivalent of a high-powered magnifying glass—Systems Engineer Peter Scheidler examined the disk's contents line by line. "What I saw wasn't pretty," says Scheidler. "It was garbage, a real mess." Looking for a way to salvage at least part of Joselow's work, he began peering into each of the disk's 360 concentric rings of data.

Suddenly he spotted something that gave him a chill. Buried near Sector 0, the disk's innermost circle, was evidence that the glitch that had swallowed six months of Joselow's professional life was not a glitch at all but a deliberate act of sabotage. There, standing out amid a stream of random letters and numbers, was the name and phone number of a Pakistani computer store and a message that read, in part: WELCOME TO THE DUNGEON... CONTACT US FOR VACCINATION.

Joselow had been stricken by a pernicious virus. Not the kind that causes measles, mumps or the Shanghai flu, but a special strain of software virus, a small but deadly program that lurks in the darkest recesses of a computer waiting for

an opportunity to spring to life. The computer virus that struck Joselow had been hiding in the memory of the newspaper's machine and had copied itself onto her data disk, scrambling its contents and turning the reporter's words and sentences into electronic confetti.

What was the intruder doing in the newsroom computer? Who had unleashed it and to what purpose? This particular virus was ultimately traced to two brothers who run a computer store in, of all places, Lahore, Pakistan. The brothers later admitted that they had inserted the program

into disks they sold to tourists attracted to their store by its cut-rate prices. Their motive: to "punish" computer users for buying and selling bootleg software and thus depriving merchants of potential sales.

The Pakistani virus is only one of a swarm of infectious programs that have descended on U.S. computer users this year. In the past nine months, an estimated 250,000 computers, from the smallest laptop machines to the most powerful workstations, have been hit with similar contagions. Nobody knows how far the rogue programs have spread, and the ex-

LATE... IN AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE,
A DATA-PROCESSOR IS WORK-
ING AT A COMPUTER TERMINAL



act mechanism by which they select their innocent victims—resting harmlessly in some computers and striking destructively in others—is still a mystery.

What is clear, however, is that a once rare electronic “disease” has suddenly reached epidemic proportions. Across the U.S., it is disrupting operations, destroying data and raising disturbing questions about the vulnerability of information systems everywhere. Forty years after the dawn of the computer era, when society has become dependent on high-speed information processing for everything from corner cash machines to military-defense systems, the computer world is being threatened by an enemy from within.

Last week in Fort Worth, a jury heard evidence in what prosecutors describe as the epidemic’s first criminal trial. A 40-year-old programmer named Donald Gene Burleson is accused of infecting a former employer’s computer with a virus-like program that deleted more than 168,000 records of sales commissions. Burleson says he is innocent, but he was ordered to pay his former employer \$12,000 in a civil case based on similar charges. If convicted, he could face ten years in prison.

A virus, whether biological or electronic, is basically an information disorder. Biological viruses are tiny scraps of genetic code—DNA or RNA—that can take over the machinery of a living cell and trick it into making thousands of flawless replicas of the original virus. Like its biological counterpart, a computer virus carries in its instructional code the recipe for making perfect copies of itself. Lodged in a host computer, the typical virus takes temporary control of the computer’s disk operating system. Then,

whenever the infected computer comes in contact with an uninfected piece of software, a fresh copy of the virus passes into the new program. Thus the infection can be spread from computer to computer by unsuspecting users who either swap disks or send programs to one another over telephone lines. In today’s computer culture, in which everybody from video gamblers to businessmen trades computer disks like baseball cards, the potential for widespread contagion is enormous.

Since viruses can travel from one place to another as fast as a phone call, a single strain can quickly turn up in computers hundreds of miles apart. The infection that struck Froma Joselow hit more than 100 other disks at the *Journal-Bulletin* as well as an estimated 100,000 IBM PC disks across the U.S.—including some 10,000 at George Washington University alone. Another virus, called SCORES for the name of the bogus computer file it creates, first appeared in Apple Macintosh computers owned by Dallas-based EDS, the giant computer-services organization. But it spread rapidly to such firms as Boeing and Arco, and has since turned up in computers at NASA, the IRS and the U.S. House of Representatives.

Many of America’s 3,000 electronic bulletin-board systems have suffered some kind of infection, as have hundreds of users groups and thousands of businesses. “It is the topic of conversation within the computing society,” says John McAfee, head of InterPath, a computer firm in Santa Clara, Calif.

So far, real disaster has been avoided. No killer virus has penetrated the coun-

try’s electronic funds-transfer system, which is essential to the operation of the nation’s banks. No stock- or commodity-exchange computer centers have crashed. No insurance-company rolls have been wiped out. No pension funds have had their records scrambled. No air-traffic-control systems have ground to a halt. And the U.S. military-defense system remains largely uncompromised, although there have been published reports of virus attacks at both the FBI and the CIA.

But most experts warn that the worst is yet to come. “The viruses we’ve seen so far are child’s play,” says Donn Parker, a computer-crime expert at SRI International in Menlo Park, Calif. Parker fears that the same viruses that are inconveniencing personal-computer users today could, through the myriad links and entry points that connect large networks, eventually threaten the country’s most vital computer systems. Agrees Harold Highland, editor of *Computers & Security* magazine: “We ain’t seen nothing yet.”

At last count, more than 25 different viral strains had been isolated, and new ones are emerging nearly every week. Some are relatively benign, like the virus spread through the CompuServe network that causes machines equipped with voice synthesizers to intone the words “Don’t panic.” Others are more of a nuisance, causing temporary malfunctions or making it difficult to run isolated programs. But some seem bent on destroying valuable data. “Your worst fear has come true,” wrote a computer buff in a report he posted on an electronic bulletin board to warn other users about a new Macintosh virus. “Don’t share disks. Don’t copy software. Don’t let anyone touch your machine. Just say no.”

...WHEN,
SUDDENLY:

ZOT!

HEY!

THIS
ISN'T RIGHT!

GOTCHA

A COMPUTER VIRUS STRIKES!

IT'S GONE!
MONTHS OF WORK--
ALL GONE!

Who are the perpetrators of this mischief? At first glance they seem an odd and varied lot. The Pakistani brothers are self-taught programmers isolated from the rest of the computer community. Two viruses exported to the U.S. from West Germany, by contrast, were bred in academia and spread by students. Other outbreaks seem to have come directly out of Silicon Valley. Rumor has it that the SCORES virus was written by a disgruntled Apple employee.

But some observers see an emerging pattern: the virus writers tend to be men in their late teens or early 20s who have spent an inordinate portion of their youth bathed in the glow of a computer screen. *Scientific American* Columnist A.K. Dewdney, who published the first article

calling them "copycats" and "attention seekers." Yet he cheerfully admits that he created his virus at least in part to draw attention to his programming skills. "In the beginning, I didn't think it would have this kind of impact," he says. "I just thought we'd release it and it would be kind of neat."

On March 2, when several thousand Macintosh owners turned on their machines, they were greeted by a drawing of planet earth and a "universal message of peace" signed by Richard Brandow, a friend of Davidson's and the publisher of a Canadian computer magazine. The virus did no harm. It flashed its message on the screen and then erased its own instructions, disappearing without a trace.

But what made this virus special was how it spread. Brandow, who collaborated with Davidson in creating it, inserted

greeting appeared mysteriously on terminals connected to a worldwide network owned and operated by IBM. Users who followed the instructions on the screen and typed the word Christmas inadvertently triggered a virus-like self-replicating mechanism, sending an identical copy of the original program to every name on their personal electronic mailing lists. In a matter of days, clones of the tiny program had multiplied in such profusion that they clogged the 350,000-terminal network like so many hairs in a bathtub drain.

Later that month, scientists at Jerusalem's Hebrew University reported that some of their desktop computers were growing lethargic, as if a hidden organism were sapping their strength. Once again, the problem was traced to a rapidly multiplying program that was consuming com-



on computer viruses, describes what he calls a "nerd syndrome" common among students of science and technology. Says Dewdney: "They live in a very protected world, both socially and emotionally. They leave school and carry with them their prankish bent."

Thomas Lunzer, a consultant at SRI, believes the proliferation of microcomputers in schools and homes has exacerbated the problem. A powerful technology became widely available without the development of a code of ethics to keep that power in check. "We're harvesting our first crop of a computer-literate generation," says Lunzer. "The social responsibility hasn't caught up with them."

A case in point is Drew Davidson, a 23-year-old programmer from Tucson, who has achieved some notoriety as the author of the so-called Peace virus, which flashed an innocuous greeting on thousands of computer screens last spring. A study in self-contradiction, Davidson rails against those who would create malignant viruses,

the virus into game disks that were distributed at meetings of a Montreal Macintosh users group. A speaker at one meeting was a Chicago software executive named Marc Canter, whose company was doing some contract work for Aldus Corp., a Seattle-based software publisher. Canter innocently picked up a copy of the infected disk, tried it out on his office computer, and then proceeded, on the same machine, to review a piece of software being prepared for shipment to Aldus. Unaware that he had thereby passed on the hidden virus to the Aldus program, Canter sent an infected disk to Seattle. There the virus was unwittingly reproduced by Aldus employees, inserted in several thousand copies of a graphics program called Freehand, and shipped to computer stores around the country. It was the first known case of a virus spreading to a commercial software product.

The Peace virus capped a series of outbreaks that began last December, when a seemingly harmless Christmas

program appeared mysteriously on terminals connected to a worldwide network owned and operated by IBM. Users who followed the instructions on the screen and typed the word Christmas inadvertently triggered a virus-like self-replicating mechanism, sending an identical copy of the original program to every name on their personal electronic mailing lists. In a matter of days, clones of the tiny program had multiplied in such profusion that they clogged the 350,000-terminal network like so many hairs in a bathtub drain.

The alarm caused by the appearance of these three viruses was amplified by two groups with a vested interest in making the threat sound as dramatic as possible. On one side are the computer-security specialists, a small group of consultants who make \$100 an hour or more by telling corporate computer users how to protect their machines from catastrophic failure. On the other is the computer press, a collection of highly competitive weekly tabloids that have seized on the story like pit bulls, covering every outbreak with breathless copy and splashy headlines.

Meanwhile, entrepreneurs eager to profit from the epidemic have rushed to market with all sorts of programs designed to protect against viruses. In advertising that frightens more than it informs, they fling products with names like Flu Shot +, Vaccinate, Data Physician, Disk Defender, Antidote, Virus RX, Virus-Safe and Retro-V. "Do computer viruses really exist? You bet they do!" screams a press release for Disk Watcher 2.0, a product that supposedly prevents virus attacks. Another program, ViruAlarm, boasts a telling feature: it instructs an IBM PC's internal speaker to alert users to the presence of a viral intruder with a wail that sounds like a police siren.

Comparisons with germ warfare and sexually transmitted diseases were perhaps inevitable. A virus that struck Le-

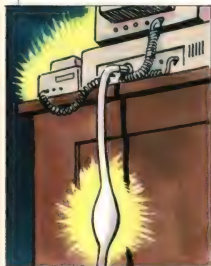
hit," says William Agne, president of ComNetco, which publishes Virus-Safe. When a virus showed up at the University of Delaware, the assistant manager of academic computing services immediately bought six different pieces of antiviral software. Then she began screening every floppy disk on campus—some 3,000 in all.

In some cases, the threat of a virus is enough to spread panic. When scientists at the Lawrence Livermore National Lab were warned by a Government security center last May that a virus lurking in the lab's 450 computers was set to be activated that day, many users stopped work and began feverishly making backup copies of all their disks. The warning of a virus proved to be a hoax, but in such an atmosphere, says Chuck Cole, Livermore's deputy computer-security manager, "a hoax can

they are a bigger threat than I imagined."

The idea of an electronic virus was born in the earliest days of the computer era. In fact, it was Computer Pioneer John von Neumann who laid out the basic blueprint in a 1949 paper titled "Theory and Organization of Complicated Automata." If most of his colleagues found the idea that computer programs might multiply too fantastic to be taken seriously, they can be forgiven, for the paper predated the first commercial electronic computers by several years. But a handful of scientists quietly pursued Von Neumann's ideas, keeping them alive in the scientific literature until they sprang to life ten years later at AT&T's Bell Laboratories, in the form of a bizarre after-hours recreation known as Core War.

Core War was the brainstorm of three



SO WILL THE COMPUTER'S MEMORY. THE VIRUS CAN THEN PASS...



...THROUGH ANY CONNECTION TO A DATA NETWORK VIA TELEPHONE LINES.



THE VIRUS PROGRAM IS USUALLY LINKED TO THE COMPUTER'S INTERNAL CLOCK. IT'S JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TIME TO WREAK HAVOC!

high University quickly got tagged "PC AIDS." That analogy is both overstated and insensitive, but it stems from a real concern that the computer revolution, like the sexual revolution, is threatened by viruses. At Apple, a company hit by at least three different viral strains, employees have been issued memos spelling out "safe computing practices" and reminded, as Product Manager Michael Holm puts it, "If you get a floppy disk from someone, remember that it's been in everybody else's computer too."

The publicity has triggered a certain amount of hysteria. Systems managers have imposed elaborate quarantines on their companies' machines. Computer columnists have advised readers to put their PCs under lock and key and, in one radical proposal, to disconnect their machines permanently from all data networks and telephone lines. Data-processing managers have rushed to stock up on antiviral programs. "We're seeing panic buying by those who have already been

be as disruptive as the real thing."

Industry experts are concerned that the publicity surrounding virus infections, like the attention given political kidnappings, could invite more attacks. "When we talk viruses, we create viruses," cautions Robert Courtney, a computer consultant from Kingston, N.Y. "We almost make it a self-fulfilling prophecy."

But the ranks of those who would dismiss the virus threat as a Chicken Little scare are getting smaller with every outbreak. Mitchell Kapor, founder of Lotus Development and now chairman of ON Technology, became a believer when some of his associates were infected. "It isn't the fall of Western civilization," says Kapor, "but the problem is real and the threat is serious." *Scientific American's* Dwdneyn has had a similar change of heart. "At first I thought these new outbreaks were much ado about nothing," he says. "But I'm now convinced that

Bell Labs programmers then in their early 20s: H. Douglas Mellroy, Victor Vysotsky and Robert Morris. Like Von Neumann, they recognized that computers were vulnerable to a peculiar kind of self-destruction. The machines employed the same "core" memory to store both the data used by programs and the instructions for running those programs. With subtle changes in its coding, a program designed to consume data could be made instead to consume programs.

The researchers used this insight to stage the first Core War: a series of mock battles between opposing armies of computer programs. Two players would write a number of self-replicating programs, called "organisms," that would inhabit the memory of a computer. Then, at a given signal, each player's organisms did their best to kill the other player's—generally by devouring their instructions. The winner was the player whose programs were the most abundant when time was called. At that point, the players

Technology

erased the killer programs from the computer's memory, and that was that.

These clandestine battles, which took place late at night when computer usage was low, were quietly sanctioned by Bell Labs' bemused managers, many of whom were senior scientists. The fun soon spread to other leading computer-research facilities, including Xerox's Palo Alto Research Center and the artificial-intelligence lab at M.I.T.

In those early days, when each computer was a stand-alone device, there was no threat of a runaway virus. If things got out of control on a particular machine, its keepers could simply shut it down. But all that changed when computers began to be connected to one another. A self-replicating organism created in fun could be devastating if loosed upon the world of interconnected machines. For that reason, the Core War combatants observed an unspoken vow never to reveal to the public the details of their game.

In 1983 the programmers' code of honor was broken. The culprit was Ken Thompson, the gifted software engineer who wrote the original version of Unix, the computer operating system now coming into widespread use. Thompson was being presented the Association for Computing Machinery's prestigious A.M. Turing Award when he gave a speech that not only revealed the existence of the first computer viruses but showed the audience how to make them. "If you have never done this," he told them, "I urge you to try it on your own."

His colleagues were aghast, but the secret was out. And the revelation was further compounded by Dewdney's landmark article in the May 1984 issue of *Scientific American*, which described Core War and offered readers who sent \$2 for postage a copy of the guidelines for creating their own viral battlefields.

Soon software viruses began appearing in university computer systems and the widely proliferating desktop computers. A rogue program that made rounds of Ivy League schools featured a creature inspired by *Sesame Street* called the Cookie Monster. Students trying to use a useful work would be interrupted by persistent messages saying "I want a cookie." In one variation, the message would be peated with greater and greater frequency until users typed the letters C-O-O-K-I-E on their terminal keyboards.

But not all viruses are so playful. Particularly vicious program deletes everything stored on the computer, prints the word GOTCHA! on the screen. Another takes the form of a game called "rck video." It delights unsuspecting users with an animation featuring the singer Madonna before erasing the files on the disks. Then it chortles, "You're stupid! download a video about rock stars."

Such pranks enrage the original C

"You Must Be Punished"

For computer buffs visiting Pakistan's historic city of Lahore, it seemed too good a bargain to pass up. A shop called Brain Computer Services was selling brand-name computer programs, such as Lotus 1-2-3 and WordStar, which can cost several hundred dollars in the U.S., for as little as \$1.50 each. During a period of nearly two years, from early 1986 to late 1987, scores of Americans—most of them students and backpackers—paraded through the small carpeted store, snapping up cut-rate disks for use on their computers back home.

They took away a lot more than a piece of low-cost software. Hidden in nearly every disk was an extra program not supplied by any manufacturer: a snippet of computer code many consider to be the world's most sophisticated computer virus. Every time an unsuspecting user lent his new disk to a friend or colleague, and every time the disk was run on a machine shared by other users, the code spread from one computer to another. Before long, the so-called Brain or Pakistani virus had found its way onto at least 100,000 floppy disks, sometimes with data-destroying impact. In each case the illicit program left behind a calling card for those savvy enough to find it: a message that began with the words WELCOME TO THE DUNGEON, and was signed by two men named Amjad and Basit.

Amjad Farooq Alvi, 26, and Basit Farooq Alvi, 19, a pair of self-taught computer experts, are brothers who were raised in a middle-class suburb of Lahore. Amjad is the proprietor of the Brain computer shop. By all accounts he is the stronger programmer. After graduating from Punjab University with a degree in physics, he began devouring electronics texts and teaching himself the rudiments of computer repair and programming. For several years, he earned a living by fixing per-

sonal computers. By 1985 he had switched to programming, producing customized software that was, to his dismay, copied and used without permission around Lahore.

That is when Amjad came up with the idea of creating a virus, a self-replicating program that would "infect" an unauthorized user's computer, disrupt his operations and force him to contact Amjad for repairs. Says brother Basit: "He wanted a way to detect piracy, to catch someone who copies." Meanwhile, however, the Alvi brothers had started

doing some copying of their own, making bootleg duplicates of American programs and selling them at steep discounts. Eventually, they started injecting the same virus into some of those program disks as well.

Some, but not all. When Pakistan came in for, say, Lotus 1-2-3, they were sold clean, uncontaminated copies. But foreigners, particularly Americans, were given virus-ridden versions. Why the special treatment for outsiders? The brothers' somewhat confused rationalization hinges on a loophole in Pakistani law. According to Basit, copyright protection in Pakistan does not extend to computer software. Therefore, he says, it is not illegal for local citizens to trade in bootleg disks; technically, they are not engaged in software piracy. Then why infect American buyers? "Because you are pirating," says Basit. "You must be punished."

The Alvi brothers say they stopped selling contaminated software

sometime in 1987, satisfied that they had taught the software pirates a lesson. Nobody knows precisely how much damage their little experiment caused, but everyone agrees that it was an impressive piece of work. "This virus is elegant," says John McAfee of the InterPath computer company, expressing grudging respect for its creator. "I don't admire what he did, but I admire the way he did it. He may be the best virus designer the world has ever seen."

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt

Reported by Ross H. Munro/Lahore



War programmers. McIlroy and his friends took care that their high-tech high jinks did not put other people's programs and data at risk. "I'm amazed at how malicious some of today's players are," says McIlroy, who is now a senior member of the technical staff at Bell Labs. "What was once a friendly, harmless game has deteriorated into something that is neither friendly, harmless, nor a game."

So far, the mainframe computers that do much of the most vital information processing in the U.S. remain relatively unscathed. "With mainframes, we've got a whole regimen of quality control and data integrity that we use," says Bill Wright, a spokesman for EDS. But with the rapid spread of PC-to-mainframe linkups, that safety could be compromised. "If the same sorts of standards

for legal protection. Don Brown, a Macintosh enthusiast from Des Moines, responded to the Peace virus outbreak by writing an antiviral program and giving it away. Brown's Vaccine 1.0 is available free on most national computer networks, including CompuServe, the Source and E-Net. InterPath's McAfee fights viruses from a 27-ft. mobile home known as the Bugbuster. Carrying up to six different computers with him, he pays house calls on local firms and colleges that have been infected, dispensing advice and vaccines and, like a good epidemiologist, taking samples of each strain of virus. Lately he has been averaging more than 30 calls a day. Says he: "You're always trying to stay one step ahead or as close behind as possible."

Like a biological vaccination, a vac-

ry and all its disks, and rebuild its files from scratch. Programs should be loaded from the original manufacturer's copy, and new disks should be carefully screened for the presence of an unwanted intruder. There are any number of products that will do this, usually by searching for files that are suspiciously long and may be harboring a virus.

But none of these antiviral programs are foolproof. Virus writers are constantly making end runs around the barricades erected against them. Even a total purge of a computer system is no guarantee against reinfection. McAfee reports that 3 out of 4 of the installations he visits suffer a relapse within a week, usually from disks missed on the first go-round or carried in from the outside. In recent months, a pesky new type of virus has emerged.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE OFFICE



I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ERASE YOUR MEMORY AND RECONSTRUCT ALL THE PROGRAMS FROM SCRATCH.



THIS VACCINE PROGRAM WILL HELP PROTECT YOU IN THE FUTURE, BUT BE CAREFUL!! DON'T USE BOOTLEG DISKS AND NEVER LET A STRANGER USE YOUR MACHINE.



REMEMBER -- ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT A VIRUS EPIDEMIC!

aren't applied soon to the PC environment," says Wright, "it's going to be a real problem for the whole industry."

In the past, companies that were hit by a virus generally kept it quiet. But the computer-sabotage trial in Fort Worth may be a sign that things are changing. Texas is one of 48 states that have passed new laws against computer mischief, and four years ago President Reagan signed a federal law that spelled out harsh penalties for unauthorized tampering with Government computer data. But most statutes were written before viruses surfaced as a major problem, and none mention them by name. In May an organization of programmers called the Software Development Council met in Atlanta to launch a movement to plug that loophole in the law. Declares Michael Odawa, president of the council: "I say, release a virus, go to jail."

Some computer users are not waiting

cine program is a preventive measure—an attempt to protect an uninfected disk from invasion by an uninvited program. Most software vaccines take advantage of the fact that computer viruses usually hide themselves in one of a few locations within the machine's control software. A typical vaccine will surround those memory locations with the equivalent of a burglar alarm. If something tries to alter the contents of one of those cells, the vaccine program is supposed to stop everything and alert the operator. But because there are so many different viral strains out there, vaccines are often ineffective.

Once a computer has been hit by a virus, the invader can sometimes be eradicated by a special program that searches out and erases each bit of foreign material. Generally, however, the simplest way to bring an infected computer back to health is to shut it down, purge its memo-

So-called retroviruses are designed to reappear in systems after their memories have been wiped clean. Other viruses infect a computer's hardware, speeding up a disk drive, for example, so that it soon wears itself out. Particularly dangerous are bogus antiviral programs that are actually viruses in disguise and spread infection rather than stop it.

Where will it end? The computer world hopes that the novelty of software viruses will pass, going the way of letter bombs and poisoned Tylenol. But even if the epidemic eventually eases, the threat will remain. The uninhibited program swapping that made the early days of the computer revolution so exciting may be gone forever. Never again will computer buffs be able to accept a disk or plug into a network without being suspicious—and cautious.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.
Reported by Scott Brown/San Francisco and Thomas McCarroll/New York, with other bureaus

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Environment

Tracking the Radon Threat

The danger, say officials, is worse than previously believed

In Bismarck, N. Dak., last week, real estate agent Al Schaible sighed as he anticipated a wave of requests for tests for the radioactive gas radon from buyers and sellers of homes. "Checks like that were unheard of before this," complained Schaible. "A lot of people are talking about it." Indeed they are. The message of the Federal Government's latest public-health advisory on the radon danger, released last week by the Environmental Protection Agency and the Surgeon General's office, is ominous: a new survey of homes in seven states shows that high levels of cancer-causing radon are more widespread than was believed. Declares Assistant Surgeon General Vernon Houk: "I would not buy a house, I would not move into a house, without knowing what the level of radon is."

The alert touched off a wave of frantic calls to environmental officials and contractors around the country as homeowners inquired about how to test for the odorless, colorless gas. In Illinois officials answered 250 calls in two days alone. Schaible was in an especially hot spot. According to the new report, 63% of homes tested in North Dakota had radon levels exceeding the federal standard of 4 picocuries per liter of air, giving the state the worst rate of incidence of those surveyed. (A picocurie is a trillionth of a curie, a standard measure of radiation.) Even more startling was the 184-picocurie level found in one home in Stark County in the southwestern part of the state. Prolonged exposure to that much radon is the rough equivalent of smoking four packs of cigarettes a day or getting 2,000 chest X rays a year.

It is not the first time the EPA has red-flagged radon. A year ago, agency re-

searchers surveyed some 11,000 homes in ten states and found that 1 in 5 had potentially dangerous levels of the gas. The EPA was justifiably concerned, since radon, which is produced by the decay of uranium in rocks and soil, can cause lung cancer if it seeps up from the ground into homes through cracks in foundations and drains. A number of studies, including data collected from thousands of uranium miners, have indicated that radon causes between 5,000 and 20,000 lung-cancer deaths a year, making it the second leading cause of that form of cancer after smoking. Cigarette smoking is by far the primary culprit, however, contributing to 85% of the nearly 140,000 lung-cancer deaths a year in the U.S.

The new survey looked at an additional 11,000 homes in North Dakota, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Massachusetts, Missouri and Arkansas. The results were even more serious than those in the earlier sampling, the tests, which consisted of a single measurement taken during the winter months, found radon danger in nearly 1 out of 3 homes. Extrapolating from the two studies, the EPA concluded that in the 17 states surveyed, the number of homes with levels higher than 4 picocuries is around 3 million. Some of them have levels over 20 picocuries. Moreover, even states with low reported overall levels of radon may have individual homes with high levels.

The Government announcement struck some as a bit strident. John Cooper, environmental-safety manager for the Illinois department of nuclear safety, suggested that the EPA had acted rashly. Like the uranium-rich rock formation stretching across Pennsylvania,

New Jersey and New York called the Reading Prong, he contended, geological deposits in Wisconsin and elsewhere in the Midwest cause pockets of radon with high readings in very small areas, and these misleadingly boost a state's average. Said Cooper: "It's not imperative that people go out and monitor their homes right now, and the EPA should have made that clear."

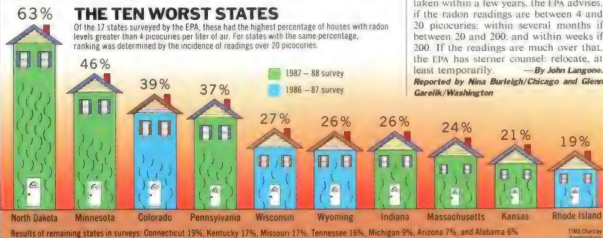
Cooper also questioned the estimate of as many as 20,000 lung-cancer deaths a year. "You could say zero to 20,000 and be more accurate," he said. "Their numbers are shaky." Indiana's radon-program coordinator, David Nauth, agreed. "They make these comparisons with cigarette smoking and chest X rays," he said, "and people don't understand that they're talking about prolonged annual exposure at high rates." In fact, the EPA itself concedes that if 100 people spent 75% of their time for 70 years in homes with a reading of 4 picocuries of radon, no more than four of them might die of lung cancer.

That by no means lessens the seriousness of the threat, especially at high levels. In addition, medical experts say, tobacco smoke increases the risk by attracting radon particles, allowing them to lodge easily in the lungs. Even if the number of radon cancer deaths is 5,000, says the EPA, the gas is still "among the worst health risks in this country."

Homeowners can take a number of steps to fight indoor radon pollution. For starters, the EPA's two booklets, *A Citizen's Guide to Radon* and *Radon Reduction Methods*, are available from area health offices, which will also provide the names of reputable companies that do radon testing. Cheap (\$10) home kits will measure the gas, as will more expensive continuous electronic monitors. To counter the problem, cracks in the basement can be sealed and ventilation systems installed. Such measures ought to be taken within a few years, the EPA advises, if the radon readings are between 4 and 20 picocuries; within several months if between 20 and 200; and within weeks if 200. If the readings are much over that, the EPA has sterner counsel: relocate, at least temporarily.

—By John Langone.

Reported by Nina Burleigh/Chicago and Glenn Garelik/Washington



Medicine

Of Mice as Stand-Ins for Men

Breakthrough research gives the animals human immune systems

For years, laboratory mice have served well as substitutes for humans in studying diseases or testing new drugs or vaccines. But in many areas, mice have not always proved up to the job of acting as surrogate humans—in studies of the dauntingly complex and specific human immune system, for example, and in research into how the deadly AIDS virus works to cripple the body's defenses. Last week, however, mice and men suddenly seemed more alike than different, at least in some critical aspects of biology.

In a pair of remarkable studies, one reported in the journal *Nature* and the other to be published in *Science* this week, researchers at the Medical Biology Institute in La Jolla, Calif., and at Stanford University, working separately and using different methods, successfully transplanted elements of the human immune system into mice. The achievement meant that such animals may soon serve as stand-ins for human beings in the study of AIDS and a host of other diseases, including leukemia and hepatitis. The mice could also be used to test drugs that would be unsafe to test in humans and to study the mysteries of the immune system with a precision never before possible. Declared Dr. David Katz, who is head of the La Jolla institute: "This potentially rivals gene-splicing technologies in its impact. It has redefined what bioengineering can be about."

The Stanford scientists announced their findings, which involved transplanting human fetal tissue into the mice, just as a special advisory committee of the National Institutes of Health was meeting in Bethesda, Md., to consider the scientific and ethical issues surrounding the use of human fetal tissue in experimental research. The reason: to develop recommendations that may influence the Reagan Administration's proposed ban on such federally funded research.

The work with fetal tissue was by far the more elaborate of the two research efforts. Led by Stanford's Dr. Mike McCune and Irving Weissman, the scientific team actually reconstituted a human immune system in mice that lacked their own immune systems. Because of a genetic abnormality known as SCID (for severe combined immunodeficiency), these mice

usually die at an early age, often of pneumocystis pneumonia, the disease that kills many AIDS patients. The researchers implanted some 300 of the defective mice with tissue taken from human fetal thymus, where certain immune and blood cells develop, and with blood-forming cells from fetal liver. The implanted tissues soon produced mature human T cells, specialized white blood cells that help provide immunity against disease. Mice that additionally received fetal

weeks they had human immune systems with nearly correct proportions of all the major types of white cells found in human blood. Moreover, when the researchers injected these mice with tetanus toxoid, most of the animals produced human antitoxin antibodies, further proof that their new immune systems were functioning as though they were naturally human.

Because SCID mice lack immune systems, the scientists did not expect them to reject the transplanted human cells. Researchers also suspected that the human fetal cells, since they are too immature to distinguish themselves from foreign cells, would not reject the mice in a graft-vs.-host response. But, surprisingly, the adult human cells used in the La Jolla research

did not reject the mice either. "That these human cells recirculate around in the mice without caring is astounding," said Dr. Donald Mosier, head of the La Jolla research team.

There was yet another unexpected consequence of the experiment. After being injected with human immune cells, many of the mice suddenly developed rapidly growing cancers, perhaps caused by a virus in the blood of some of the donors; mice injected with cells not exposed to this virus did not develop the tumors. The implications for cancer research could be enormous: the rapid growth—in eight to 16 weeks—would afford scientists a rare opportunity to track the emergence and spread of cancer. Said Mosier: "This is an extraordinary breakthrough. We may be able to dissect that tissue week by week to see what happens to these cells."

Mosier's research bore some relevance to the discussions under way at the NIH meeting. While the Stanford work with fetal tissue appeared to be a powerful argument for continuing such experimentation, the La Jolla studies seemed, however unintentionally, to offer an alternative. Still, Daniel Koshland Jr., editor of *Science*, who admitted to releasing the Stanford results a week early in order to coincide with the NIH meeting, strongly backed the scientists' right to continue their research. Said Koshland: "This is an excellent example of careful, scientifically controlled use of fetal tissue to attack major human disease." Moreover, the fetal-tissue transplants give the mice a more complete human immune system, which should provide a better model for studying the progression of AIDS and other diseases.

—By John Langone

Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles and Barbara Dolan/Chicago



Researcher Donald Mosier displays immune mice in La Jolla, Calif., lab

An achievement that may redefine what bioengineering is all about.

lymph tissue—needed for the functioning of some immune cells—also developed mature human B cells. All fetal tissues were obtained from legally aborted fetuses with the consent of the mothers.

After more than a year, the Stanford mice are still thriving. Their new immune systems, however, must be sustained by injections of fetal liver cells every eight to twelve weeks. In addition, researchers are not sure whether all the parts of the human system are functioning in the mice. "We'll find that out," says Weissman, "but we'll have to do every known test for human immune cells. These mice open ways of studying human systems, normal or diseased, under experimental circumstances that were impossible before."

The La Jolla team also used SCID mice. By comparison, however, their approach was simple. Circulating white blood cells taken from human adults were injected into mice. Almost immediately, the mice began replicating the cells. Within three

Press



Hart, Wilson and Hoagland on the set: bringing an old-fashioned enterprise into the 1980s

A Mild Matron Goes Modern

The Christian Science Monitor launches a TV newscast

TV's newest evening newscast contains no crime footage, no clips of Bush and Dukakis trading jabs on the campaign trail, no fluffy features on roller-skating or baseball-card collectors. A typical show last week opened instead with a nearly 6-min. report on the upcoming election in Chile. That was followed by an examination of political unrest in Burma, which began in the leisurely tones of a travelogue: "Burma: a gentle land, devoutly Buddhist, dotted with the spires of golden pagodas, a place where time seems to be standing still..."

For viewers of *World Monitor*, a nightly program of international news produced by the *Christian Science Monitor*, time does seem to be standing still. The program, which debuted last week on cable's Discovery Channel, has the meaty content and sober style of an earlier, less frantic TV era. Yet, to its creators, the show is not a look backward but an effort to bring a respected but somewhat stodgy news organization into the 1980s.

Founded in 1908 by the Church of Christ, Scientist, the Boston-based *Monitor* was created, in the words of its first editor, Archibald McLellan, to "publish the real news of the world in a clean, wholesome manner"—a rarity in an era of yellow journalism. It soon won a reputation for thoughtful, analytical coverage of foreign events. In the 1970s, however, its readership began to dwindle. Worldwide circulation last year was 176,000—up from a 1982 low of 144,000 but still small for a national daily. Worse, the median age of its readers is a mature 58. The paper last turned a profit in 1961; this year's losses are expected to total \$15 million.

Recently the *Monitor* has been trying

to overcome its dowdy image by expanding into other media. The *Monitor's* four-year-old weekly radio program is now carried on more than 220 public radio stations. Its shortwave broadcasts, begun last year, will be heard in every part of the globe by early next year. A syndicated TV series (first monthly, later weekly) was introduced in 1985 and was seen on 103 stations before being supplanted this fall by the nightly newscast. This month also marks the debut of *World Monitor*, a slick monthly magazine on global affairs that hit its target of 250,000 subscriptions after just five weeks of marketing.

Not the News

USA Today, the bubbly national newspaper in love with factoids and the pronoun we, launched its own TV entry last week. But *USA Today: The Television Show*—syndicated to 156 stations, most of which air it in the early evening—bears

little resemblance to a newscast. The nightly half-hour is a buckshot spray of brief, lightweight features, snippets of interviews and idle trivia (limousine sales in the U.S. rose from 4,000 in 1983 to 7,000 in 1987). The closest it came to a breaking story was a behind-the-scenes glimpse of Robert Sheets, director of the National Hurricane



The hosts: state-of-the-art cute

The new TV newscast has some impressive credentials. Its anchor is former NBC and CBS Correspondent John Hart, and its managing editor is Sandy Scolow, once a top producer of the CBS *Evening News*. The show, with its mauve, lavender and salmon-colored set, has a polished network look, though its focus on foreign news would be shunned by network news chiefs. "To us," says Executive Producer Daniel Wilson, "Washington is just another world capital."

The new venture has caused dismay among some *Monitor* staffers, who worry that it is diverting resources and may signal that church officials are losing faith in their flagship publication. Company executives deny this. "The paper is the fundamental building block on which the other elements rest," says Editor Katherine Fanning. Yet she concedes that among the staff "there is concern about these things being a great deal on our plate at the moment."

Changes may be in the wind at the newspaper, which has long operated by its own quietly idiosyncratic rule book. A daily 4 p.m. deadline means that much breaking news is missed, and the paper gives little attention to such reader-grabbing subjects as sports and business. An internal task force has been exploring possible changes, and will submit a report next month. Insiders say it will probably suggest an even greater emphasis on the *Monitor's* strong suit: foreign-news coverage. Meanwhile, *Monitor* executives are hoping that its broadcast ventures, none of which are yet making money, will become profit centers. Says John Hoagland Jr., manager of the *Christian Science Publishing Society*: "We need to be a success in the marketplace to avoid being a museum."

—By Richard Zoglin.

Reported by Sam Allis/Boston

Center, as he tracked Hurricane Gilbert. Actually, Sheets appeared to spend most of his time doing TV interviews.

USA Today, meanwhile, seems to spend most of its time pandering to America's nostalgia for yesterday's pop culture. Old movie clips and '60s hit tunes adorn the show wherever possible: a cover story on kids today (part of a five-part series on, no less, "living in the U.S.A.") was little more than an excuse to trot out scenes from *Our Gang* comedies. The show's animated graphics are state-of-the-art slick, and its four anchors state-of-the-art cute. But little stays on the screen long enough to register, and anything that does hardly seems worth the trouble. We hate it.

—R.Z.

EGGHEAD AT THE PLATE

To **A. BARTLETT GIAMATTI**, former Yale president and future boss of baseball, the game is not just an Edenic pageant but a marvelous mix between individual and community

Many sports fans believe the Pooh-Bahs of professional athletics—the commissioners, presidents, team owners, the whole briefcase brigade—should play a role similar to background music at the movies. They are doing their jobs most successfully when no one notices them at all. By this standard, A. Bartlett Giamatti, the twelfth president of the National League and, as of next April Fools' Day, the seventh commissioner of major league baseball, has had a rocky summer.

He was, for instance, the man who suspended Cincinnati Reds Manager Pete Rose for 30 days and fined him \$10,000 after an umpire-shoving incident during a game at Riverfront Stadium on April 30. This harsh treatment of Charlie Hustle did not go down well with many purists. Neither did the proliferation of balk calls made by umpires this season, a phenomenon for which Giamatti alone is widely—if incorrectly—blamed. An old rule had been elaborated: with men on base, pitchers now had to "come to a single complete and discernible stop" in their windup before hurling the old apple homeward. Discernible? What kind of pointy-headed intellectual word was that? Not only could you look it up, as Casey Stengel used to say, but a lot of disgruntled fans had to.

Then there was that muggy Sunday afternoon in late July when Giamatti and other dignitaries sat on folding chairs on the infield grass at Shea Stadium. The occasion was a love fest, the official retiring of the number (41) of the Mets' former pitcher Tom Seaver, a.k.a. Tom Terrific. In the packed stands, goodwill and nostalgia outweighed even the humidity—until the public-address announcer, introducing the honored guests, reached Giamatti. "Boo!" the crowd responded. "Booooooooooooo!"

"All people in suits get booed at ball parks," Giamatti says. He is hunched behind his battered desk in a modest, cluttered office at the National League's Manhattan headquarters on Park Avenue. "I was gratified by the response. I think it's healthy." But there were other suit-wearing guests at the Seaver celebration who . . . "O.K.," Giamatti concedes, "I am seen as the prime mover of the balk." And he goes on, somewhat wearily, to explain again that he is only one member of the rules committee, which decided last winter to make pitchers toe the line. Then he changes

the subject. "Remember what Seaver did at the end of the ceremony?" After a brief speech, the future Hall of Famer jogged to the pitching mound, the sphere of so many of his triumphs, and acknowledged wave after wave of ovations. "I'll tell you," Giamatti says, "that's one of my all-time baseball memories."

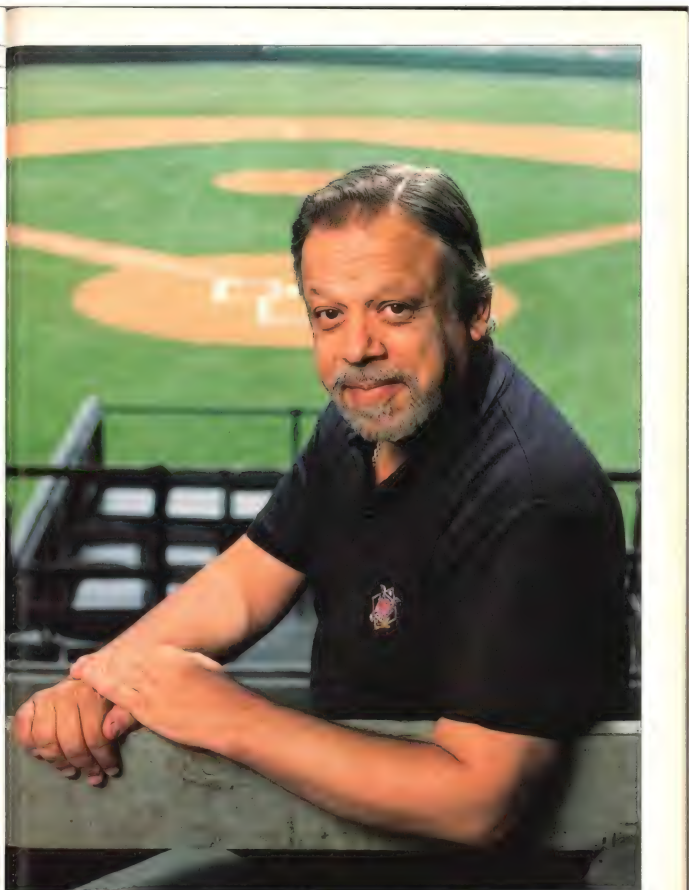
This deflection of scrutiny away from himself toward the playing field is typical of Giamatti. He is, at age 50, an unabashed baseball freak, an older version of the boy who grew up in South Hadley, Mass., being taught to love the Boston Red Sox by his father, a professor of Italian at Mount Holyoke College. Faithful to his genteel upbringing, Giamatti neither seeks nor seems to relish attention. He keeps his private life just that, Toni, his wife of 28 years, two sons and a daughter are all rigorously shielded from outside prying. It is also true that during his nearly two years as N.L. president, Giamatti has attracted extraordinary press coverage, considerably more during the same period than Commissioner Peter Ueberroth, whom he will succeed.

Not all this ink can be blamed on Pete Rose or balk rules. Giamatti is too articulate for his own anonymity. Sportswriters have learned that Bart, as everyone calls him, will eventually deliver the colorful remark. It may take some hounding. He may try to put them off with a "Can't talk to you now, guy" or a "Later, pal," displaying the side-of-the-mouth brusqueness he adopts when feeling besieged. Never mind. Sooner or later, usually sooner, he will relent. Prod him with questions. Why has he been critical of those huge screens towering behind outfield fences in so many parks that now sometimes compete with the game in progress? "Look," he will answer in spite of himself, "I'm not some kind of Luddite, baying at change." And then he is off and running. "The screen is the most visible symbol of our high-tech age, and here it is, plunked down in this ancient coliseum. It's only been around for ten years or so. We need to determine its proper venue."

Reporters have not as a rule approached other sports executives in pursuit of profundities. Former Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, for example, was seldom sounded for his views on Western civilization. What sets Giamatti apart from everyone else who has held a comparable position of authority in U.S. sports is his background. He once made his living as a professor of English and comparative literature, with a particular interest in the Italian Renaissance. Odder still, he was at age 40 the youngest person in 200 years to be installed as the president of Yale University, in 1978. (Around the time of his selection, Giamatti made a wry, self-deprecatory remark that seems, in retrospect, premonitory, if slightly off base: "The only thing I ever want to be president of is the American League.")

Giamatti knows that his eight years as head of one of the nation's great universities will affect how he is perceived now and for the rest of his career. He is permanently stamped as the egghead who invaded baseball. "I'm not ashamed of what I did at Yale," he says. "I love the place. I was extremely happy there, and I was thrilled to have some control over its continuing excellence and well-being." Still, if stories about him must be written, he would like to see a few that do not harp on his exotic past, drop names such as Dante or Machiavelli or refer to him as the Renaissance man. "I suppose where I came from can't be ignored," he admits. "But I am less struck by the anomaly of moving from there to here than others seem to be."

That perceived peculiarity is double-edged. On the one hand, some Yale alums still cluck over the spectacle of Giamatti



Profile

matti's descent from academic grandeur to the commercial muck of professional sports. If there is a life for former Ivy League presidents, it should be conducted as unobtrusively as possible in a reputable embassy or blue-chip foundation. At the other extreme, certain tobacco-chewing, spit-on-the-hands, belly-up-to-the-bar baseball types wonder what in the hell a gabby professor is doing running a league and, next year, the whole show. Oh, yeah, Giamatti. Whattid he ever hit?

Yet when Bart explains the logic behind his errant pilgrimage, it all apparently makes sense. "Leaving the faculty at Yale in 1978 to become an administrator was the major transition," he says. "Every teacher who has ever been induced to defect to the other side invariably says"—he pounds the desk in mock emphasis—"I'm Going. To. Go. On. Teaching. By. Gosh." It is psychologically necessary for me to say that. I said it. But it's never realistic. What I hope I became at Yale was a facilitator of those who are very, very good at what they do. That's also been my aim at the National League. It's what I'll try to do as commissioner."

Giamatti obviously means every word of this, but he is hardly the passive, pliable, accommodating technocrat that his self-description portrays. In truth, he has never abandoned teaching; he has moved his impressive pedagogical skills from the classroom into progressively larger arenas. Bart holds certain truths to be self-evident. Chief among these is his unfashionable conviction that individualism must cease when it threatens the legitimate, shared concerns of community. This belief is not a late-blooming flower of incipient dotage. As a fledgling professor during the 1960s, Giamatti bore the plumage of the counterculture. His clothes were rumpled, his hair longish; he sported a goatee and an unassuming, downscale, fist-around-a-can-of-beer manner. Students were attracted by this charisma. They enrolled in his courses and came out of them equally entranced by their teacher, but for radically different reasons. Bart expected them actually to read their assignments. He believed in grades, tough grades; he argued that being a civilized human being is not a matter of instinct but of unrelenting hard work and discipline.

Nothing has changed, except that the stewardship of the national pastime has just been handed to a person who holds and acts upon deep moral convictions. This news, set within the recent annals of executive Americana, is so startling as to be preposterous. Even some of the 26 team owners who on Sept. 8 unanimously elected Giamatti commissioner may not fully understand what they have wrought. Superficially, Bart resembles the six previous commissioners, dating back to the original, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, that craggy plinth of probity who was recruited by the owners in 1920 to restore baseball's integrity after the "Black Sox" scandal during the previous fall's World Series. Like them all, Giamatti believes in healthy profits and baseball's privileged place high above such mundane matters as anti-trust regulations.

But his concerns extend well beyond these. He is convinced that major league baseball plays a bardic,

mythic role in American society; the long, recurring seasons are an ongoing epic, Homeric or Vergilian or Dantesque, a vital locus of rapt assembly where enduring values are enacted and passed on. "The game is such a wonderful mix between the individual and the community," he says. "The struggle between the pitcher and batter throws these two isolated competitors into lonely relief. But the purpose of that confrontation is for the team, the benefit of the larger group."

In the knobby, swampy world that roils below the level of such Olympian meditations, Giamatti is going to face some real problems, and pretty soon. For one thing, two arbitrators have now ruled that the club owners—Bart's bosses—conspired to restrict the movement of players who had become free agents after the 1985 and 1986 seasons. In lay terms, eligible players were allowed to offer their services to the highest bidder, except that few bidders were forthcoming save from the clubs for which they were already playing. These judgments could figure explosively when the contract between the clubs and the Major League Players Association expires after the 1989 season. Also up for grabs

next year are potentially troublesome extensions or renewals of network-television contracts. It is easy to dream up a nightmare for the spring of 1990: no games are being broadcast nationwide, but that hardly matters, since all the players are on strike.

Giamatti's role in this unfolding, inevitable crisis will be under the closest imaginable scrutiny. Some mutters from the Players Association have already accused Bart of being the owners' apologist. Giamatti is in no mood to criticize the people who hired him. "I've gotten to know all the owners, and I think they are a remarkable set of human beings." He also resists charges of

partisanship: "I'm not anti-players, anti-umpires, anti-anybody," he elaborates. "My responsibility will be to serve, as best I can, the totality of the institution."

He will be worth watching in the year ahead, as he attempts to protect his vision of a green, Edenic pageant against the clamoring demands of diverse actors, producers, stagehands and unruly spectators. Even those who are indifferent to sports may have a greater stake in Giamatti's struggle than they realize. The central question hinges on whether collective celebrations should reflect or ennoble their societies. Reflection, these days, means augmented, intensified doses of behavior already lamentably available on the streets: rudeness, insensitivity, the steady thrum of flash-point violence. Bart thinks he has an older, better idea: orderly, considerate crowds in clean, pleasant surroundings, absorbed in a leisurely spectacle performed by happy, fulfilled heroes. How could people exposed to such idyllic wonders fail to carry some of their experiences out into the streets and their own homes? "I am an idealist, a Neoplatonist, I suppose," says Giamatti. "I grew up believing in values, and also believing we'll often fall short of realizing them. That training probably led me to baseball. The best hitters fall about 70% of the time. But that's no reason for them, or for any of us, to give up."

—By Paul Gray

**SOME YALE ALUMS
STILL CLUCK
OVER HIS DESCENT**
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pro sports. And some
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types wonder why in
hell a gabby professor
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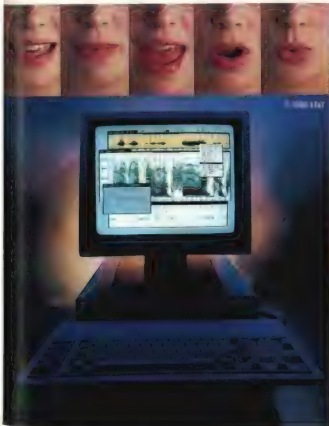


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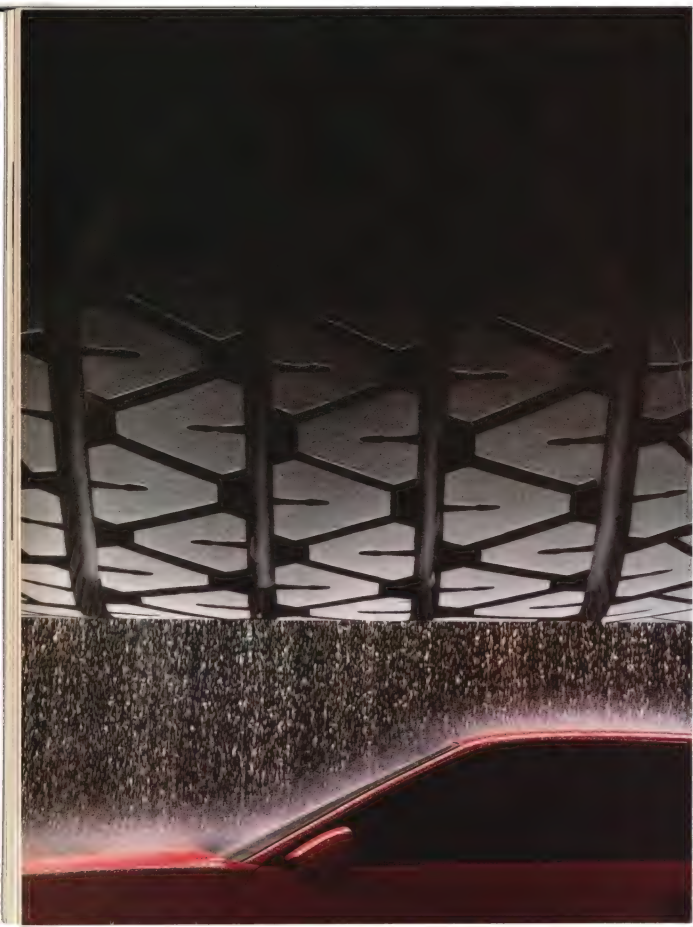
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2

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Science

The Secrets of A Moche Lord

Peruvian archaeologists unearth a treasure trove

The moment the archaeologists came upon the coffin in the 1,500-year-old tomb near the coastal Peruvian village of Sipán, they sensed they were on the verge of a historic find. Working with rubber air bulbs and artists' brushes, they gently cleaned away layer after layer of earth with painstaking precision, recording each with sketches and photographs. After they had labored for two months, their efforts began to pay off slowly, breathtakingly, the gilded remains of a Moche warrior-priest began to emerge. The ancient form, surrounded by an array of what appeared to be family members and retainers, was clothed in 13 layers of funeral shrouds interspersed with exquisite gold and silver objects. Among them were a solid-gold crown, a gold warrior's shield and a rare symbol of the warrior-priest's high station in life, a ceremonial gold rattle. Exulted Walter Alva, the Peruvian archaeologist who led the National Geographic Society-backed expedition: "These are treasures that belong to all the Peruvian people."

The stunning trove of artifacts offered scientists a wealth of new information about the Moche civilization. A resourceful people of artisans, warriors and farmers who had no written language, the Moche dominated Peru's northern coast from A.D. 250 to 750, some 700 years before the Incas. Using an ingenious system of irrigation canals and channels, they flourished in the arid strip of land between the Andes and the Pacific, at one point reaching a population of more than 50,000, but seem to have vanished abruptly.

Their contribution to later Andean civilizations, however, is believed to have been substantial, perhaps even comparable to the influence of the Egyptians on Mediterranean cultures. Moche experts ranked the Peruvian find with the discovery of King Tutankhamen's tomb in 1922. Said Anthropologist Christopher B. Donnan of the University of California, Los Angeles: "This is the richest tomb ever excavated in the Western Hemisphere."

The unearthing of the "Lord of Sipán," as the warrior-priest was named by Alva's team, was the culmination of a circuitous—and bloody—series of events. As is often the case in Peru, energetic and astute *huaqueros*, or grave robbers, were the first to uncover the riches of the burial ground. Alva was tipped off after Peruvian police raided a



Upstaging the *huaqueros*: bearded Expedition Leader Alva and aide examine tomb; 6-in. by 5-in. gold head with eyes of silver and lapis; gold-and-turquoise ear ornament

huaquero home early last year and confiscated 33 Moche objects, including a gold head with eyes of silver and pupils of lapis lazuli.

More raids followed, including one in which a looter was killed. The trail took police and archaeologists to a huge adobe platform at the base of a weathered Moche pyramid near Sipán. When the authorities arrived, they found men, women and children combing the area for artifacts dropped by the *huaqueros*, who unload the contraband on the black market for buyers in the U.S., Latin America and Europe. Driven off by police, the villagers viewed the new diggers as little more than government-protected thieves. Threats followed, including oaths of vengeance sworn by the relatives of the slain *huaquero*. Nightly, intruders were warned off by bursts from police submachine guns.

Near the 23-ft.-deep hole made by the looters, Alva and his team uncovered a cluster of five human skeletons and the remains of two llamas and a dog surrounding the wooden coffin of their master. Alva believes the warrior-priest, who may have presided over such ceremonies as the sacrificing of captured enemies, was about 35 years old. A spinal deformation suggested that he suffered from arthritis, but there was no indication of how he died. Besides the layers of rich funeral clothing and objects, the skeleton was adorned by a necklace made of gold and lapis peanuts, a gold chin-and-cheek mask, bracelets with hundreds of tiny turquoise beads, a gold bangle and 16 gold disks around its neck. Says Alva: "I'm sure that when we finish digging here, we will know more about the life, social and economic organization, and religious practices of the Moche."

The archaeologists have already learned a great deal. Chemical analysis of burial objects, including gold fragments from the eastern Andes, turquoise from northern Argentina and lapis from Chile, suggests the extent of Moche trade. Some of the artifacts reflect remarkably advanced technologies. Several pieces of copper, for example, are plated with gold by means of a technique that was not used in Europe until centuries later. A number of the gold objects, such as a finely crafted figure of a warrior about the size of a thumb, are so richly detailed that they can be fully appreciated only under a microscope. "The quality of the goldwork is stunning," says Donnan. "It puts our understanding of New World metallurgy on a different plane."

The Lord of Sipán lies at a site that may hold still more archaeological treasures. Alva and his colleagues speculate that the plateau may be a burial ground for generations of what they call the "popes" of the Moche. If he succeeds in raising the necessary money, Alva hopes to excavate fully the Sipán site and unearth its remaining Moche treasures—before the *huaqueros* get to them and sell them off piece by piece.

—By Dick Thompson/Washington

Health & Fitness

"A Fire Hose Down the Ear Canal"

These days, even rockers are admitting their hearing is shot

"You're going to lose your hearing if you keep listening to all that loud music," parents railed right from the beginning. "No way!" offspring scoffed, and gleefully cranked up Hot Tuna another punishing notch. Today that parental admonition is being echoed by a new—and more credible—source: rock musicians. John Flansburgh of the cult band They Might Be Giants half-jokingly says: "Deafness is one of the little sacrifices you have to make for rock."

Three decades after the rock revolution, more and more performers are dis-

100 decibels—a whining power saw, for example—flattens the tiny hairs in the inner ear that transmit sound to the nerves. These hairs usually return to normal, but repeated assaults by high-decibel rock—concerts routinely hover around 120—can cause them to lose their resilience permanently. Stereo earphones blasting away for hours may be a greater threat than concerts. Says Audiologist Dr. Thomas H. Fay, of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City: "It's like the nozzle of a fire hose has been stuck down the ear canal."



Plugging protection: Alexa Ray Joel with Mom Christie Brinkley; Musician Kathy Peck

covering that their hearing is permanently damaged. "It's pretty apparent for everyone who has been in the business," notes Charles Blanket, a New York City sound engineer. Commander Cody, a rock musician in the San Francisco Bay area, suffers from tinnitus, a ringing in the ears. So does Lenny Kaye, a journeyman guitarist who played with the Patti Smith Group. Singer and Bassist Kathy Peck, who had a gig in 1980 at a San Francisco nightclub called the Deaf Club, where deaf patrons danced to the music's vibrations, has lost 40% of the hearing in her right ear and wears a hearing aid.

Peck, for one, has found the price of devotion to rock unnecessarily steep. She and Dr. Flash Gordon of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic recently founded an outfit named HEAR (for Hearing Education Awareness for Rockers) to alert performers, technicians and concert-hall staffers to the perils of pounding music and the precautions that can be taken. First among them: regular hearing check-ups. They hope the message will filter down to young fans.

The damage is insidious. Noise above

The strain on rockers' ears is slowly casing. Musicians no longer perform before walls of loudspeakers. Today giant speakers are relegated to the sides of the stage or suspended from the proscenium. "Half the concerts are quieter on the stage than anywhere else in the house," notes Flansburgh. Many rockers now sport protective gear during practice sessions and even during performances. Saxophonist Benjamin Bossi of the Ordinaires, a New York City-based band, dons headphones before concerts. Fred Schneider, vocalist for the B-52's, stuffs tissue into his ears. Rock Promoter Bill Graham, who is shepherding the current Amnesty International tour, keeps vats of earplugs available for everyone from security guards to roadies.

Fans, too, are being urged to plug up. Perhaps the best role model is Alexa Ray, the 2½-year-old daughter of Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley, who flaunts ear protectors at Dad's shows. The ultimate solution, of course, is simply to turn the volume down. Heresy? Perhaps. Better hearing? For sure. —By Anastasia Tofexis. Reported by Mike Cannell/New York City and D. Blake Hallinan/San Francisco

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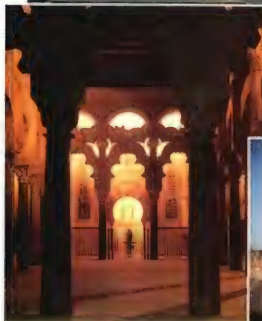
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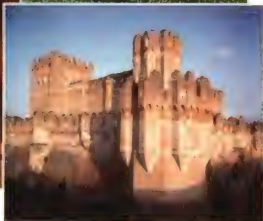
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Fantastic Flight of Fancy

Everywhere in Seoul, a celebration of the greatest athletic gathering in history



WINNER CHOO

Was the host country trying to arrange an extra-special first day for itself? Taekwondo, an exhibition event and South Korea's national sport, was scheduled for four finals right after the opening ceremonies, setting the stage for a dramatic first-night sweep of the action. South Korea did win the first event of the Games, when Choo Nan Yool won the flyweight class. But the U.S.'s Arlene Limas spoiled the sweep by winning the welterweight division, giving America its surprise first 1988 Olympic victory. The first gold medal in a regular event went to Irina Chlova of the Soviet Union in the women's air rifle. Xu Yannel of China took the first gold in a major sport, women's platform diving.



At a remarkable ceremony without a distinct beginning or end, the grandest assembly of athletes in the history of the world settled last week into Seoul. The Olympic stadium, 100,000 full, really was just the centerpiece in a swirl of fantastic activity that started on the Han River with wind surfers and skiers and brought blossoms of colorful parachutists bursting from the sky.

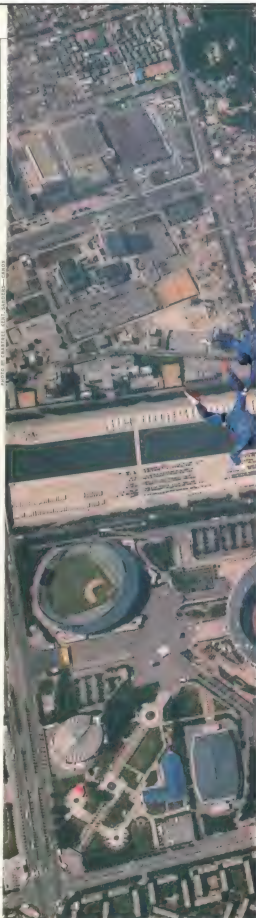
While hundreds of small drums tapped footsteps and heartbeats, and the giant Dragon Drum (arriving by riverboat) beat cannon shots and thunderclaps, the children of South Korea danced a delightful welcome for nearly 10,000 sportsmen from 160 countries on parade. Someone thought of limiting the marchers in the interest of time, but the athletes screamed. "You're not in the Olympics if you don't march," said the U.S. hurdler Edwin Moses, who smiled sadly when the first impulse of the American team was to threaten a boycott of the opening scene. Boycott isn't usually an athlete's word. "I still miss 1980," Moses said. "Marching into Moscow would have been thrilling."

Vladimir Salnikov pines the same way for Los Angeles and 1984. "When it looked like only some of us could march here," the Soviet swimmer said. "I was just hoping to be one of them. Eight years ago we were alone. Four years ago we were apart. Just once I wanted to walk in together." Moses is still at the top of his game, but Salnikov's long day as the world's freestyle champion has passed. He can expect nothing more in Seoul than to see the last of his records fall in front of him. Yet he was desperate to be in the parade.

"I've talked to my players about it," said John Thompson, Georgetown's ordinarily unsentimental basketball coach. "But you can't describe the opening ceremony." Now the head U.S. coach, Thompson was an Olympic assistant in 1976. "I was tremendously surprised. I'd been through a world championship with the Boston Celtics, a few things like that. But I was never so overwhelmed. You walk out on that field—look around at all the athletes—and a side of you comes out that no one knows. It's just an amazing sense of pride."

A Kenyan runner, Paul Ereng, looked around at his own team. Several countrymen were celebrated that he had not made the squad. "That's the greatest thing about the Games," he said. "They aren't for the most experienced, and they aren't for the least. Neither are they for the best known or the worst. They're for the first one home."

Bringing the rings to the opening: parachutists aim for the stadium, the largest target circle in the sports complex







The torch—and perhaps a dove or two—blazed at last; young smiles glowed and taekwondo boards flew apart



It was a brilliant morning: the Netherlands had the foresight to pack orange parasols. Most of the athletes' costumes were as summery as the straw skimmers sported by the French, though the Australians must have been sweating under their dry-as-a-bone cattleman coats. A few lampshade head-dresses competed with several styles of burnouses. But all the world's colors mixed together looked muted next to the wondrous columns of gold and the silky rainbow ranks of Koreans.

The Olympic flame arrived on the exuberant arm of Sohn Kee Chung, 76. In 1936, a year of Japanese colonial rule, Korea's great marathoner sagged on the Berlin victory stand to be wearing the wrong uniform and hearing the wrong anthem. This time he fairly bounced around Seoul's stadium. Among those who helped shuttle the sparkler to Sohn were several American sportswriters who had misplaced their cynicism in the excitement of the city. At Incheon, John Jeansson of New York's *Newsday* hit an invisible speed bump and took an incredible header, but with an Olympian effort kept the torch from touching the ground and finished his kilometer awash in Mercurochrome.

When the Olympic birdbath was finally lighted, there were still a few birds in it, the laziest of the doves just released. A couple may have been fricasseed. The risk that attends glory, especially the danger to peace, was already a backdrop of the Games and a theme of the entertainment. Alternately across the infield, children spun pinwheels or broke boards with their feet. Devil masks were brandished in a pantomime of chaos. Like East and West, or North and South, yin slammed yang in a breathtaking display of ropework and philosophy. But the exquisite counterpoint to all the violent charades was the sight of a boy nearly seven, born in Seoul on the day the Games were awarded, rolling a hoop across the suddenly empty lawn.

They aren't for the most experienced, and they aren't for the least. They're for the first one home. "I'm not 19 anymore," said Evelyn Ashford, who was fifth in the 100 meters at that age twelve years ago. "I've come a long way. I've been blessed." She was carrying the U.S. flag, and it made her feel strong. "It's a rush," she said. Ashford won the sprinter's gold in 1984, but she was expected to and scarcely enjoyed it. No one imagines she will do it this time, and she is jubilant at the thought. "No matter what happens, I will have finally had the opportunity in my lifetime to compete against the whole world. If you only knew what that means."

President Roh Tae Woo declared the competition open. In longer form, he told the citizens in a television address, really a pep rally. "Perhaps there has been no occasion before this in which we have been so united with one mind and heart amid rising hope and joy." He signed off on the note of a "safe and flawless Olympic Games."

Long after the athletes were back at their Village, the festival bubbled on beside the Han. In the middle of the Village, next to the police station, are two carved totem protectors—Chang-seongs—to ward off disaster and guard the peace. Every Olympian has been invited to contribute a small stone to the base of the totems, but most of the kids chattering back from the stadium were preoccupied with their own spirits. Kimberly Santiago, the 26-year-old, 99-lb. rower ("steerer and yeller") from Monroe, Wis. ("the Swiss cheese capital of the U.S.A."), was typically restrained. "I'm here, I'm here, I'm here," she said.

—By Tom Callahan

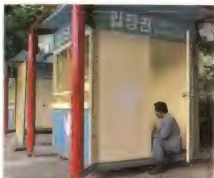


Empty Rooms With a View

Antennas may be popping up on igloos, yurts and even split-level homes worldwide, all for the sake of a glimpse into the Seoul Games. But in the Olympic metropolis itself, some spectators seem to be missing. The evidence: as the Games began, more than a third of the 4 million tickets to Olympic events remained unsold, and hotel occupancy was running 20% below maximum. One reason for the surfeit of tickets is a lack of excitement among Koreans for the myriad preliminaries in some sports (soccer, for example) as well as for some entire

events (fencing and the modern pentathlon).

The empty hotel rooms result in part from fears of terrorism. A more important cause, though, is that Seoul's organizers overestimated the need for accommodations for dignitaries and the media. Consequently, many would-be spectators at the Games were turned away by travel agents months ago because at that time there simply were not sufficient rooms available for booking. Strangely, the same problem, which has enraged South Korean hoteliers, merchants and restaurateurs, was



AT THE TICKET OFFICE, A DISMAYING QUIET

encountered during the Winter Olympics in Calgary, but the lesson evidently went unlearned.

Present in abundance.

however, will be one group of foreigners who live in Korea—American military personnel. There are some 60,000 U.S. troops, dependents and employees in Korea, and by week's end plenty of G.I.s had taken advantage of their tour abroad by snapping up more than 20,000 tickets. "It's here and I'm here—that doesn't happen a lot," explained Sergeant Janice Haynes, a personnel officer stationed in Seoul. "Six years from now you'd look pretty stupid if you told someone you were in Seoul in '88 and didn't go to the Games."



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Protest Pro Forma

For most of the summer, students who favor unification of North and South Korea and an end to American influence have been clashing with police. However it played on foreign television screens, in Seoul these confrontations had the feel of street theater, not revolution. Students knew just how far they could go, and the riot police knew their roles too.

The choreography became familiar. Students would throw stones and fire bombs; the police would respond by tossing back the stones along with some pepper gas. An hour later, both groups would call it quits. As if on cue, a water truck would roll in to hose down the street, as the police removed their helmets and the students strolled to their campus. The demonstrations

made good, if somewhat misleading, television footage.

Last week, briefly, an exaggerated wire-service report made it seem that protest had veered into real violence and an attack on the Games. On the route of the Olympic-torch procession, outside the Seoul city limits at the gate of Kyungwon University, police and students clashed in the familiar rock and fire-bomb ritual. The students were driven back, and one bomb was thrown over the university wall. It burned out at least 15 minutes before the torchbearer passed by.

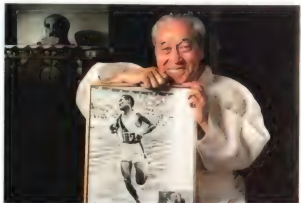
But the report that reached the world, stirring fears of more unrest, told of some 50 bombs, one coming within 10 yds. of the torchbearer's path. The Games may tell the world of South Korea's modern miracle, but the Western press seems unable to understand the realities of ritual.

The Field's Fiercest Rivals

When anonymous troublemakers recently issued vague threats against the Japanese for being too friendly with South Korea, the irony could not have been more resonant: Japan and Korea have been the most serious of enemies for more than a millennium. The last of Japan's invasions on the peninsula ended up with Tokyo colonizing its neighbor from 1910 until 1945, forcing Koreans to adopt Japanese beliefs, Japanese words, even Japanese names. In fact, the man given the honor of carrying the torch into the Olympic stadium was, symbolically enough,

Sohn Kee Chung, the Korean who won the 1936 marathon running reluctantly under a Japanese name and flag and who became a symbol for Korea's resistance.

This year the rivals may well vie for dominance in table tennis and baseball. But the focus of their feud will come in the Japanese sport of judo, where Korean and Japanese judoka should fight it out for the gold in three events. One Japanese, Shinji Hosokawa, came out of retirement specifically to face his Korean nemesis, Kim Jae Yup. To make matters even more interesting, the largest group of foreigners at the Games is, of course, from Japan—eager, no doubt, to see how often Nippon can score an *ippon*.



SOHN EMBODIES HIS COUNTRY'S BITTER JAPANESE EXPERIENCE

Cinema

A Terminal Case of Brotherly Love

DEAD RINGERS Directed by David Cronenberg
Screenplay by David Cronenberg and Norman Snider

Each man films the thing he loathes. That seems the rule, anyway, for directors who investigate the darker locales in cinema's emotional landscape. Alfred Hitchcock, Luis Buñuel, Federico Fellini found artistry in images that terrified or disgusted them. Their bad dreams became their best movies.

Thus it is with the gifted Canadian filmmaker David Cronenberg. Images of corporate corruption—of malefic birth and voracious organs—stalk his *They Came from Within*, *Rubid*, *The Brood*, *Scanners* and *Videodrome*. Heads explode, and monsters issue from the wombs of women. In Cronenberg's masterwork, *The Fly*, one man wages a heroic, doomed struggle against physical and moral degeneration; his body has a twisted mind of its own. The catalog of punishments seems medieval—Savonarola meets Bosch—even as it taps baby boomers' fears of decaying vitality and eviscerated dreams. For Cronenberg the body is a haunted house whose rumblings trigger lust, mystery and excruciating pain in the poor tenant. This property is condemned.

So the subject of twin gynecologists, driven to dementia and a symbiotic murder-suicide by urges that both share but neither understands, seems a scenario only



Twin killing: Irons as both the suave Elliot and the tortured Beverly

Cronenberg could dream up. In fact, the story comes from the novel *Twins*, by Bari Wood and Jack Geasland, which in turn was based on the case history of Drs. Cyril and Stewart Marcus, a pair of respected gynecologists who in 1975 were found dead in a Manhattan apartment. From these threads Cronenberg has spun a fantasia of split personality and the vulnerable male ego. The film's identical twins, Elliot and Beverly Mantle (both played by Jeremy Irons), are Toronto doctors with a reputation for radical technique and a comforting bedside manner. The rep is, in a way, only

half earned. Ellie is the suave salesman. Bev is the genius of research. Cool Ellie is the connoisseur of female flesh; nerdy Bev probes deeper for his elusive womanly ideal. He wishes there were beauty contests for the insides of bodies.

Then Claire Niveau (Genevieve Bujold) comes to the Mantle fertility clinic. She is a famous actress with a healthy sexual appetite, a trifurcate cervix and the desperate yen to bear a child. Desire stirs Bev's instincts; propriety tries to tamp them down. It is a dangerous move to admit someone besides Ellie into his secret life. Love for an outsider will distort the twins' delicate imbalance. They had been complementary halves of one identity: body and mind, curiosity and compassion, sex and guilt. Don Juan and Don Knotts. Now the seesaw must tip from sanity to psychosis.

At times *Dead Ringers* also tilts out of coherence, with scenes that are dramatically stillborn. But Irons is splendid in both roles, and Cronenberg can create tour-de-force tableaux with his effortless black magic. In one, Bev strides into surgery dressed in red, like a demon priest at a sacrificial rite. The victim is woman; her crime is woman's unique advantage over man, the power to produce perfect new bodies from the most vulnerable part of her own. Any mad scientist, any man, can try either to serve that power or to destroy it. And Bev must finally love the two things he kills: a woman's procreative strength, and his own better, brotherly half.

By Richard Corliss

Milestones

APPOINTED. Jack Kemp, 53, thwarted presidential aspirant and retiring nine-term Republican Congressman from Erie County, N.Y., as a fellow with the Heritage Foundation, in Washington. The post will permit the champion of supply-side economics to press his views from a leading conservative think tank.

STEPPING DOWN. Henry Cisneros, 41, Democratic mayor of San Antonio, the first Mexican American to head a major U.S. city and a frequently touted vice-presidential or Cabinet possibility; next May, after eight years at city hall. A vigorous promoter of urban development, Cisneros grounded a rocketing political career, at least for now, when he announced that for personal reasons he would not seek reelection.

DIED. Roger Hargreaves, 53, British author-illustrator who combined his doodlings

and bedtime tales into charming storybooks for children: after a heart attack, in London. From *Mr. Sneezy* to *Little Miss Sunshine*, the series has been translated into 22 languages and has sold more than 80 million copies.

DIED. John Crystal, 67, no-nonsense career counselor whose techniques were catapulted to prominence by Richard Nelson Bolles' 1979 best seller *What Color Is Your Parachute?*; of emphysema; in Manhasset, N.Y. Crystal's advice: forget corporate personnel departments; go straight to the person in a position to hire.

DIED. Virginia Satir, 72, family-therapy pioneer; of cancer, in Menlo Park, Calif. Looking at the family as a psychological unit, Satir taught battling relatives how to work out their differences by having them focus on the interaction within the group.

DIED. William Mitchell, 76, longtime styling baron at General Motors; in Royal Oak, Mich. Originator of the famous 1948 Cadillac tail fins, Mitchell also developed such trendy models as the Corvette Sting Ray.

DIED. Alan Bible, 78, Democratic Senator from Nevada (1954-74) and shaper of national landmarks; in Auburn, Calif. Bible chaired Senate committees that planned Dulles Airport and the Kennedy Center in Washington and established more than 80 national parks from Cape Cod to Point Reyes, Calif.

DIED. Lauris Norstad, 81, U.S. Air Force general whose tenure as NATO Supreme Commander (1956-63) included the Berlin Wall crisis; in Tucson. During World War II, he planned air operations for the invasion of North Africa and the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

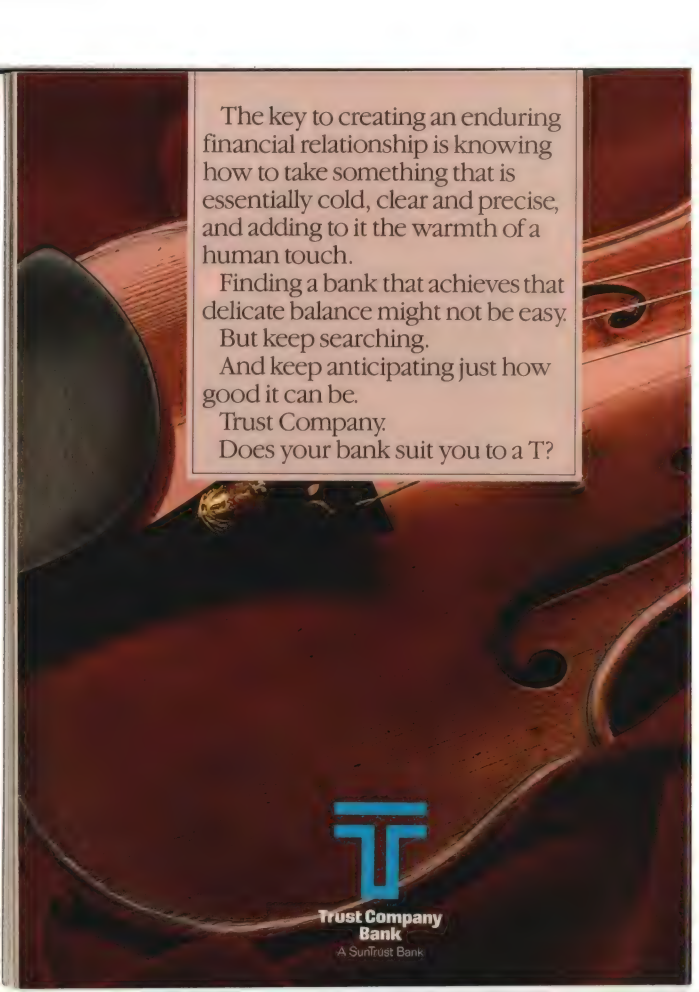


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What the Kids Are Wearing

From blazers to biker shorts, school days mean smarting up

"I think dress guidelines are stupid," Lisa Bequette was saying just the other day, before beginning 8th grade at Maryland's Mount Airy Middle School, northwest of Washington. "I would wear a cropped T shirt to school. Why should they tell me not to show my belly button?" Good thing she is a little too young to meet Brendan McReady at a mixer. McReady, a junior at Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School, has some sentimental regard for the school uniforms at an alma mater: "Everyone wore the same thing every day, so perhaps it was easier. You'd get up, throw on the clothes, and you looked slimy all day. But who cared? It was all boys."

One thing is clear as kids all over the country have begun to troop back to class this fall: whether instilled by peer pressure or insisted upon by academic administrators, dress codes are in every school. Bicycle shorts, those shiny, shape-hugging racer bottoms made of Lycra, are strongly discouraged in New York public and private schools, tolerated at South High School in Minneapolis, where they are currently very popular, but dismissed as flashy by students at Country Day School in Charlotte, N.C. Traditionalists, who would not wear such shorts even on an Exercycle, claim that standard uniforms (blazers for boys, pleated hopskotch skirts for girls) have social as well as practical value. For one thing, they ease the economic burden of providing kids with money for trendy items like mock reptile sneakers, dressy ensembles featuring bold plaids and checks or color-dunked designer sweats.

Mary Anne Schwalbe, head of the upper school at Manhattan's Nightingale-Bamford, says, "We like our uniforms because we feel in a city like New York, where there is so much competition, there shouldn't be competition in clothes." But, she adds, "the girls are getting more creative with what they can do with the uniforms, but we also keep a supply of regulation garments on hand in case a girl stretches the rules too far." What happens if a student shows up in an outfit that nothing in the school closet will quiet down? "We send her home."

The social leveling that uniforms can sometimes accomplish is being sought by some inner city schools as well. At Helene W. Grant elementary school in New Haven, Conn., uniforms are just being inaugurated for this school year. Detroit's Mumford High School is raising a ruckus by handing down a get-tough dress code aimed



Wild and crazy dress codes in Santa Barbara, Calif.

at eliminating flash. The code's language is scarcely enough for a military academy ("Misdirected students preen about, modeling flashy, expensive clothing and exerting little energy in their academic pursuits"); on the proscribed list are leather coats, jogging outfits, shorts, designer glasses, designer jeans and "custom-made briefcases."

Regulations like these also douse the



Suiting up at Miami's Drew Elementary

New books, new teachers, new plaids.

simple joy of dressing, not for success or status, but just as self-expression. Abraham Mora, a junior at Chicago's Francis W. Parker School, has packed away his tie-dye Ts ("so trendy now") in favor of Girbaud jeans and Cole-Haas loafers. "Just look at me," says Michael Barnett, a junior at Washington's Field School who sports a vigorously declarative print shirt. "I'm a wild and crazy guy. With dress codes you don't get to see other people's personalities, just the same old clothes." Brand-name sportswear, from Benetton to Tropicana, Adidas to Fiorucci, is coveted. Whatever the label, and however the dress code may read, sameness is a problem in every school.

"It's like a big fashion show," says Dana Irvin, a senior at the Springboro, Ohio, High School. "You have to dress nice to fit in, and I guess there's a lot of pressure to remember when you last wore an outfit. If you can, it's best to wait three weeks before you wear an outfit to school again." This creates double trouble for Gina and Jeanne Vermillion, twin sisters who are starting their freshman year at suburban St. Louis' Selvidge Junior High School. "Each one coordinates her own outfit because everything's got to match," reports their mother Gen.

Denim remains the common denominator in all kids' clothes. Whether it is Levi's that Charlotte High School Senior Krista Schwabacher describes as "too wide and too long and that hang down at the waist," or jeans worn-in and ripped through at the knee that are back in style at Virginia's West Potomac High School, denim crosses all social barriers. It is acceptable everywhere among kids, as long as it is not acid washed (a waning fad for bleaching out color) and as long as it is shaped into something baggy. "Kids won't wear tight jeans because they don't want to be uncomfortable," says Paul Marciano, advertising director of the wildly popular Guess? jeans line. For next season, he adds, "we have banished ornamentation. We have a clean look."

Musing about the international itinerary of teen trendiness, Marciano adds, "American kids are inspired by the French, and the French are inspired by Californians." He points out that eye-scorching colors have been part of the Europeanized surfer look for the past three years. Dress-code breakers, think it over. How about a blazer that is citrus colored instead of navy? What about a pleated uniform skirt covered not with muted plaid but with surfer slogans? And traditionalists: What about some nice blue flannel bike-racing shorts? Wait till next year.

—By Jay Cocks

Reported by Elizabeth Hirsch/Washington and Martha Smiths/New York

Books

A Long Way from St. Louis

Marking T.S. Eliot's centenary, not with a whimper but a bang

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in St. Louis on Sept. 26, 1888. He died in London on Jan. 4, 1965. These dates and places bracket a life but are swamped by its reverberations. For Eliot, in transit, not only wrote *The Waste Land*, the single most influential poem in English of the 20th century. He also produced a body of work—poetry, criticism, plays—that permanently rearranged the cultural landscapes of his native and adopted lands.

Exactly how he created himself and his era remains something of a mystery, the topic of continuing debate. And this discussion is about to intensify nearly everywhere, thanks to the occasion provided by Eliot's centenary. For openers, a long awaited addition to the Eliot canon will be published next week on his 100th birthday: *The Letters of T.S. Eliot, 1898-1922* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 736 pages; \$29.95), the first of four volumes of Eliot's correspondence, edited by his second wife Valerie. Presses on both sides of the Atlantic are churning out new issues of Eliot's writing. The British Council has mounted an exhibition illustrating Eliot's life and work that will eventually travel to 70 countries. The U.S. observances will include a memorial lecture at the Library of Congress and a gathering of Eliot scholars and critics at Washington University in St. Louis. There will even be a conference in Japan.

And then there is *Cats*, Andrew Lloyd Webber's extravagant musical adaptation of Eliot's book of light verse, *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* (1939). The smash show has been seen by some 25 million people in 15 countries and contributed



more than \$2 million in royalties to the Eliot estate. Purists shudder at such commercial success and its spin-offs. Says Critic Hugh Kenner: "Eliot wanted to connect with a popular audience, but *Cats* wasn't what he had in mind."

But *Cats* and the hoopla still surrounding Eliot attest to the poet's surprising vitality. By many standards he should have been old news by now. He professed conservatism, elitism and sectarian Christian-

ity at a time when the fashionable tides were running against all three. As a shy, uncertain young man, he was torn between the dictates of his proper upbringing and the tug of his emotions. He looked inward

and saw himself coming apart; he looked outward and saw Western civilization dissolving into chaos. He tried to heal these rifts with words: "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons . . . April is the cruellest month . . . I will show you fear in a handful of dust. . . . This is the way the world ends/ Not with a bang but a whimper . . . And let my cry come unto Thee . . . In my end is my beginning."

His poems struck many readers as acts of mind reading. There was no need for them to memorize Eliot; he had, it seemed, already memorized them. He became famous by age 35 without growing satisfied with his accomplishments or happy with himself. Words were not enough. Behind the lectures and public appearances of the latter decades—the tall, stooped figure in the three-piece suits, issuing pronouncements—was concealed a soul in torment, trying to purge itself of sin and of the world that lavished so much praise on what he considered his unworthiness before God.

Much of this struggle remained hidden during his lifetime. As befitted a son of an old, distinguished American family, Eliot was fastidiously private about his inner life. Several important caches of the letters are still embargoed until the next century. But his spiritual autobiography, the only sort that mattered to him, is displayed throughout his poems. *The Waste Land*, it is now clear, is not simply an impersonal, jazz-age jeremiad. It is also a nerve-racking portrait of Eliot's emotional disintegration during his 20s: his emigration, against his family's wishes, from the U.S. to England and, once there, his disastrous

LETTERS OF THE YOUNG POET

To Conrad Aiken

I don't know . . . whether I want to . . . have a family, and . . . conceal my opinions . . . for the sake of my children's future; or save my money and retire at fifty to a table on the boulevard, regarding the world placidly through the fumes of an aperitif at 5 p.m.—How thin either life seems!

To J.H. Woods

There are only two ways in which a writer can become important—to write a great deal, and have his writings appear everywhere, or to write very little. It is a question of temperament. I write very little . . .

To Ezra Pound

I don't see how I am supposed to be self-supporting . . . Unless I can edit a paper that pays, or else that is so "im-

portant" in some way or other that rich ignoramuses will feel that they MUST subsidize it, I don't see how I can ever earn more than £150 per year maximum.

To John Quinn

Did I tell you that I met Joyce in Paris last autumn? I found him quite charming, and liked him; though I can see that he is certainly a handful, with the true fanatic's conviction that everyone ought to forward the interests of his work . . .

To his mother

I really think that I have far more influence on English letters than any other American has ever had, unless it be Henry James . . . All this sounds very conceited, but I am sure it is true.

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- Foolin' Around **Buck Owens**
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- My Last Date (With You) **Skeeter Davis**
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Books

marriage to Vivien Haigh-Wood, a vivacious but increasingly unstable partner whom Virginia Woolf once described as a "bag of ferrets" around Eliot's neck. To read *The Waste Land's* overwhelming catalog of cultural decay is also to eavesdrop on a typical evening with Mr. and Mrs. Eliot. The wife is overheard: "My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak."

The belated recognition of Eliot's intimate presence within his poetry has spurred some controversy. Two of his early poems, *Gerontion* and *Burbank with a Baedeker*; *Bleistein with a Cigar*, contain traces of anti-Semitism. Last month in London, an outcry by several prominent people questioned why Jews should be expected to cooperate in the commemorative raising of funds for the London Library, one of Eliot's favorite projects during his later years.

The answer must be sought in individual consciences. Eliot was guilty as charged, not so much in his poems, which mingle his thoughts with those of other, indeterminate voices, but in scattered remarks elsewhere: a few slurs in his letters, a stunning prescription in a 1933 lecture for the establishment of a "living tradition" in a society: "What is still more important is unity of religious background; and reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable." Such an abominable opinion cannot be excused, yet Eliot has defenders who find the issue regrettable but overblown. British Poet D.J. Enright notes: "A friend of mine made the best observation: 'But good Lord, he did not like anybody.'" Critic Alfred Kazin seems inclined to set Eliot's lapses in a larger context: "As a writer of Jewish background, if I had to ignore all the great writers who made anti-Semitic comments, I'd have nothing to read."

Paradoxically, Eliot's failings are magnified by the enormous moral authority he acquired through his writing. He did not speak with the flamboyance of personality, that itch toward originality that distinguishes this blood-soaked century. Instead, he offered his words in the service of a long tradition, from Vergil to Dante to Donne to the Puritans among his ancestors. He saw himself, at times, as a modern Aeneas, compelled to struggle, suffer and carry old burdens to a new synthesis of civilization. He knew he was courting failure. He mocked his own earnestness in verse: "How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot! With his features of clerical cut."

Even now, amid the gathering celebrations, his contributions provoke disagreement. Sir Stephen Spender, who was a member of the first generation of English poets to emerge in the shadow of Eliot's fame, calls him "perhaps the greatest poet of the 20th century." Donald Hall, who has published nine books of poetry and who interviewed Eliot for the *Paris*



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Books

Review in 1959, observes, "His status as a minor poet is secure. He is not coming back into vogue." But the final truth, as Eliot so often suggested, may lie somewhere in the rack and ruin of the middle distance. His claims were modest. He asked only for a hearing—say, between cleaning up after supper and getting ready for bed, a few moments' attention to a poet speaking as if speech could still alter society and the perception of hours. On his birthday, unbidden, hundreds and perhaps thousands will give him an audience. Nothing has changed for these solitary readers, who have been massing over the years and decades. Some, indeed, may not know that he is gone and that one of his more memorable lines has become self-descriptive: "The communication of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living."

—By Paul Gray

Reported by Helen Gibson/London and Martha Smilgits/New York



Bergman on his 70th birthday in July

Memory's Screen

THE MAGIC LANTERN

by Ingmar Bergman

Translated by Joan Tate

Viking; 308 pages; \$19.95

Click. A son sits alone for hours at his mother's deathbed after she has died. What he later recalls most poignantly is the Band-Aid on her finger.

Click. A little boy, hating his older brother, lies in wait behind their bedroom door and strikes him so hard with a water carafe that it breaks. A gush of blood mingles with shattered glass.

Click. A world-famous director rehearses one of Strindberg's plays. Suddenly policemen appear in his theater to arrest him on charges of tax evasion. His bowels weaken and he must make a lengthy, humiliating trip to the water

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First in a Series

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

by Jean Shepherd

One day, Schwartz and I got this great idea from reading *Boy's Life*. Schwartz was my buddy, who lived across the street.

"Wouldn't it be great, Schwartz?" I said, as we examined the diagram in the magazine.

"Wow!" was all Schwartz could say.

The article was truly exciting. It was called "How to Make Your Own Telephone."

As we walked home from the library, where we always read *Boy's Life*, since neither of us had the money to subscribe to the magazine, we talked it over.

"All you need is some old earphones, and some wire," I said. "I can't believe it works."

Schwartz, the skeptic, answered, "Come on, Schwartz. If it's in *Boy's Life*, it's gotta be true!"

Schwartz had no answer to that.

"My Dad has some old earphones in the basement," Schwartz said after a pause, with a note of rising excitement in his voice.

"Let's make our own telephone, Schwartz. Boy oh boy, just think how great that'll be. And we won't tell anyone."

We ran home, dogs barking in our wake. When you are eleven, you can run all day and afterward build a telephone system. We met in back of Schwartz's garage. He had his Dad's earphones, and I had a roll of wire that my Dad had left over from making an aerial for the radio. Basements were great in those days. They held all kinds of stuff like that.

We followed the instructions

carefully, and with frenzied hands we hooked the earphones to the wire and then to a water pipe. I stood thirty feet away, holding my earphone. I put it to my ear.

"This ain't gonna work."

I heard Schwartz clearly and distinctly. I went bananas. Alexander Graham Bell's Mister Watson had nothing on me.

Schwartz cheered and yelled, "I can't believe it!" into his phone. It almost blew my ear off.

Good old *Boy's Life*.

The next day, a Saturday, Schwartz and I went to work on our phone system. His parents were out visiting his aunt and uncle, and my parents had conveniently gone shopping for the day.

At incredible risk to life and limb, and using my father's ladder, we strung the wire from the peak of Schwartz' roof across the street, and then ran the wire down, carefully hidden in the eaves, to our respective bedrooms. I hooked up my phone to the wire and to a steam radiator in my bedroom. Schwartz did the same across the street.

"Can you hear me, Schwartz?"

"Wow-ee! It's like you're right here. Holy smokes!"

Thus began the most exotic and exciting era of my life. Night after night, Schwartz and I crouched in our pitch-black rooms after everyone else was in bed, and talked on and on until three or four in the morning, when we would drop from exhaustion, only to do it the next night. Our eyes grew hollow from lack of sleep, but on we

talked. Week after week. Our families had no idea that this was going on. Our wire in the sky was almost invisible to the naked eye.

Then disaster struck. Without warning, as it often does. We were all sitting innocently at the dinner table when there was a knock on the front door. I didn't suspect a thing.

My father returned to the kitchen almost immediately, his eyes afire.

"There's a cop here who says we've got a wire across the street."

He looked right at me when he said it.

"And he says I have to pay a fifty dollar fine."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it's illegal to put a wire across a city street, that's why!"

An identical raid was going on at Schwartz' house. We were both in deep trouble. Thus ended our Magical Telephone.

Sometimes I still miss it, even after all these years. What is there about a secret telephone in a dark bedroom, with your friend's voice coming out of it, with no one else to hear or know? Ever since, I have had a private love affair with the telephone.

Schwartz, wherever you are, I'd love to call you on my earphone. Just once more.



Humorist Jean Shepherd is an author, an actor, and the filmmaker who created "A Christmas Story."

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What do you do when
you sent him away for a little peace
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closet, with a cop posted outside the door, before going to confront his accusers.

Click. A youth is lured into a mortuary by the attendant, who locks him up with the corpses. One of them is a beautiful young woman. The boy lifts the sheet from her body. As he gazes upon her she seems to come alive. Terrified, he races for the door, now open. She is the first of the demons that will haunt his reveries and his work for the rest of his life.

Click click click. The central figure in all these vignettes is the real-life Ingmar Bergman, and never has an autobiography been more aptly titled than *The Magic Lantern*. For it is as if the great director, whose passion for the transforming power of the vividly projected image was first stirred by the paraffin-lamp projector that was his favorite childhood toy, is rummaging through a boxful of old slides and throwing them on memory's screen in the order they come to hand, without pause or transitional comment.

Whether confronting the deep past—his bourgeois childhood as the son of a stern Lutheran minister and dutifully repressed mother—or his adult past, where wives, mistresses and children drift almost anonymously through the shadows of his theaters and sound stages, Bergman rarely strikes the customary autobiographical notes of nostalgia and the tranquil acceptance of fate. To him, middle-class morality is a cloak for madness, family life an invitation to distraction and guilt. Neither helps one come to grips with decay, eroticism, violence—those irrational torments by which the unseen world insists on its presence in our lives.

At first one is astonished and dismayed by his disregard for the convention of chronological recall. For Bergman's films, no matter how deeply they plunge into the dank depths of his characters, have always been severely, intricately logical in structure and cool, almost objective, in tone. But one comes to see that this is the most profound point of this ruthless book. What Bergman is saying is that however acutely his art reflected his sense of life, it was much more important to him as a refuge from life. It was the place where he could at least briefly impose order on life's terrible confusions, find for himself a sustaining moment of peace and grace.

His admiration is for figures like Laurence Olivier, whom he glimpses backstage, sweating, swilling champagne, denying desperate illness—and making up to go onstage once more and transform despair into dominance. His pity is for someone like Garbo, who has allowed herself to be victimized by her beauty's decay and so exiled from the consolation of creation. Describing a rehearsal of *Der Rosenkavalier* he once heard Herbert von Karajan conduct, Bergman writes: "We were drowned in a wave of devastating, repellent beauty." That is how one feels emerging from this book, which is surely one of the finest self-portraits of an artist written in our time. —By Richard Schickel

Music

Meyerbeer's improbable grand opera *L'Africaine* opens the season: a first duty to art or commerce?

Nowhere to Go but Up

The San Francisco Opera, with a new chief, aims to rise anew

The nation's No. 2 opera house hit rock bottom last Feb. 9. That afternoon the general director of the San Francisco Opera, Terence McEwen, announced his resignation because of ill health after a troubled six-year stint at the helm of the company. A few hours later, McEwen's predecessor, the autocratic Kurt Herbert Adler, died of a heart attack. The Viennese-born Adler had ruled the organization like a private satrapy for 28 years and had remained its intransigent eminence grise. Suddenly the troupe was leaderless and, it seemed to many, artistically rudderless as well.

This month, as the 1988 season opens and new General Director Lotfi Mansouri takes command, the road back begins. During his tenure, Adler had transformed the San Francisco Opera from a regional ensemble devoted largely to Italian opera into an international powerhouse that won renown by presenting major works, like Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, for the first time in the U.S., and by offering major American opera debuts to Leontyne Price, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Sir Georg Solti. While never equaling New York City's Metropolitan Opera in either budget (currently \$23.7 million vs. \$88 million) or length of season (13 weeks compared with 32 weeks), San Francisco established itself as an alternative that was often more interesting and adventurous than its staid East Coast rival.

That reputation began to slide over the past decade. True, there were highlights like McEwen's 1985 *Ring* cycle, a

dazzling vocal show that remains the best-sung *Ring* of the past 30 years. But there were also routine evenings of ridden-out war-horses and indifferent conducting. Meanwhile, a deepening budget deficit of \$2 million forced the elimination of the company's short summer season. With a bottom-line board of directors perched on his shoulder, McEwen never had the freedom that Adler enjoyed. Nor, apparently, will his successor. "Opera has changed from the autocratic days, when people like Kurt Adler did it all themselves," says the affable, Iranian-born Mansouri, 59, a veteran stage director who has run the conservative Canadian Opera Company in Toronto since 1976, a post he is leaving this year. "It is much more of a business."

Sometimes, alas, it is business as usual. This year's season opener, Giacomo Meyerbeer's hoary grand opera *L'Africaine*, typifies the ills that have afflicted the company. As Vasco da Gama, Tenor Plácido Domingo sounds tired and wan. Maurizio Arena's conducting is enervated and Mansouri's own stage direction merely serviceable. Only veteran Soprano Shirley Verrett, as the regal Selika, captures the fiery spirit of Meyerbeer's diffuse and improbable last opera.

Improvement will take time—and money. Opera is fundamentally a money-losing proposition, requiring heavy fund

raising each year. Even though the company plays to 96% of capacity, box-office revenues account for only 45% of operating income. Thus Mansouri faces a precarious balancing act: while he needs to take bold new artistic steps to regain the company's pride of place, he must also mind the box-office receipts and keep the paying customers in the seats.

So far, his plans look encouraging. In 1990 Mansouri will re-establish the summer season with an encore of the *Ring* cycle, and the following year hopes to stage a Mozart festival marking the bicentennial of the composer's death. Mansouri is also considering bringing Broadway shows like *The Phantom of the Opera* and *Les Misérables* into the opera house. "A major company must represent the entire gamut," says Mansouri. "Part of my task is to excite and stimulate the audience, to expand their horizons. The worst thing in art is stodgy complacency."

He may find, however, that economic reality outweighs brave talk. "The tension is between doing something that may or may not be accepted, and fighting the numbers to try and fill the seats," says Board President Tully Friedman. But if opera were just a matter of money, the solution would be to disband the company entirely and point to a balanced budget. Perhaps the days of tyrants like Adler, whose first duty was to art, not commerce, are gone. Yet their melody should linger on in the memories of managers everywhere.

—By Michael Walsh

Reported by Dennis Wyss/San Francisco



Director Mansouri



Show Business

Twin Shrines to the Silver Screen

In New York and London, new motion-picture museums charm and dazzle

For old-fashioned art lovers, a museum is a building that elevates the spirit and lowers the pulse rate. In this cathedral, the faithful speak in reverent whispers or stand silently before paintings, which demand leisure and concentration for the appreciation of their subtleties. Other visitors, less awestruck, may squirm through the solemnity, like a child dragged to High Mass. Or find a seat in the vestibule and fall asleep.

No one is likely to nod off in two new museums, independent of each other, that have just opened with similar names and within five days of each other but 3,500 miles apart. The American Museum of the Moving Image, in New York City, and London's Museum of the Moving Image, on which Prince Charles raised the curtain last week, are as informal and user friendly as their acronymic nicknames, AMMI and MOMI. Splendidly begauded in perky colors, stocked with playful film fetishes and interactive exhibits that look like video games, the new

museums are not mausoleums of modern art. They are more like theme parks, urban Disney Worlds.

This is as it should be. Movies, even in a museum, want the proud hug of philistinism. The film archivist Henri Langlois knew this when he opened a Paris movie museum 16 years ago in his Cinéma-thèque Française. Inside the front door, *Psycho*'s mummified Mother Bates lurked behind a window. Against the back wall, German expressionism ran riot in a full-scale set from *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. The museum was like an EKG of a national intelligence that can find value in both Jean-Luc Godard and Jerry Lewis.

Why, then, could the blend of films and artifacts not find a home in the country that made them famous? After nearly three decades of community agitation, the Hollywood Museum is still only the promise of an empty lot next to Mann's Chinese Theater. The stars' footprints would have to lead east. Few guessed that they would lead to a working-class neighbor-

hood in Queens, N.Y., just a short subway ride from Manhattan.

Aiming to embrace the media's aspirations to high art as well as their roots in vaudeville, AMMI serves up film and television history in two strengths: straight up and with a shot of circus-clown seltzer. But even the serious exhibitions provide the tang of astonishment. A display of 58 machines—from the 1835 thaumatrope to tomorrow's Sony GIV-8 Video Walkman—pulses with the gimcrack genius of those anonymous technicians who gave artists the tools to dream with. The spirit of Philo T. Farnsworth, boy pioneer of TV, rides again!

That bracing ingenuity marks many of AMMI's exhibits. Nam June Paik's video installation is an automobile frame on which are mounted 65 screens, each strobing scenes of *Bonnie and Clyde* or Abbott and Costello or any of a hundred other images. AMMI's apex is *Tut's Fever*, an Egyptian-style movie palace conceived by Artists Red Grooms and Lysiane Luong.



From left: the Avant-Garde section at MOMI, with Dali's *Spellbound* eyes and Mae West's lips; Nam June Paik's video *Getaway Car* at AMMI; Mickey Rooney as the usher; a sarcophagus creaks open to reveal the late James Dean. In the theater auditorium, its walls a splurge of film-trivia graffiti, you can watch a silent-movie serial or just gawk at the delirious décor.

Grooms' impish sculptures staff the theater; Theda Bara sits in the box office; Mae West sells you candy; Mickey Rooney is the usher; a sarcophagus creaks open to reveal the late James Dean. In the theater auditorium, its walls a splurge of film-trivia graffiti, you can watch a silent-movie serial or just gawk at the delirious décor.

The museum's curators are eager to convince you of the seriousness of their enterprise, and some of the text panels read like term papers. Ignore them; play hooky in your trash-collector's soul. Enter phone booth-shaped screening rooms to watch clips from *All About Eve* or *Mary Tyler Moore*'s last episode with commentary from Directors Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Jay Sandrich. Model costumes of the stars, like Marilyn Monroe's dress from *The Seven Year Itch*, before a fun-house mirror. Lay your own sound effects over the dialogue of a TV commercial or movie clip. Browse through the media memorabilia of a zillion middle-class childhoods: the Cisco Kid coloring book, the Partridge Family lunch box, a Donald Duck board game, the *Welcome Back, Kotter* paper-doll set. And when you need a rest, stop by AMMI's two state-of-the-art theaters and catch a full-length movie. Later this fall, AMMI will mount a Jerry Lewis retrospective. Henri Langlois must be pleased.

If AMMI exudes the comfortable musk of a neighborhood Bijou miraculously restored, London's MOMI has eyes to play the Palladium. Not that the two institutions have radically different means or

ends. Both occupy about 9,000 sq. ft. of exhibition space. Both display a Nam June Paik piece, clips from the compilation film *Precious Images*, and a model of a drive-in theater. Both have been ages in the planning, though MOMI's 1978 prospectus preceded AMMI's by three years, and a trace of bantering rancor shows through the Brits' geniality toward their upstart colonial rival. Perhaps because MOMI was spawned by the venerable British Film Institute, it seems a more comprehensive and congenial trip down the Yellow Brick Road of movie and TV history. It is certainly the more lavish in ambition and design: a superproduction on location under Waterloo Bridge.

MOMI also has a simple, compelling narrative thrust. It traces moving images from the shadow plays of ancient Java and the magic-lantern shows of the early 19th century to the big parade of movie stars, social trends and industrial eruptions. Some periods are re-created with elaborate props: a looming female robot from Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, a railway car stocked with projector and films to recall the propaganda push of early Soviet cinema, a Salvador Dali collage with the probing eyes he designed for Hitchcock's *Spellbound*, and a couch inspired by Mae West's lips. Elsewhere, actors stroll about in character to fill in the historical blanks. In a room labeled "Cinema Goes to War," for example, "soldiers" roll about in trenches. Nearby is a majestic staircase canopied by MOMI's own high-camp

Erecthyon: six sculpted muses of the silent cinema (Theda Bara, Mary Pickford, Buster Keaton, Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Gish and Rudolph Valentino) serving as columns in a temple of the gods.

Elsewhere you can peek over a silhouette of Parisian rooftops to glimpse excerpts from French films of the '30s. You can see *March of Time* newsreels in their U.S. and British editions. You can sit in a makeup chair, look into the mirror, and watch Spencer Tracy metamorphose from Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde. Approaching one machine, you can press any of two dozen buttons and hear a line or two of famous dialogue—can you identify the film? Wander into the animation chamber, and swap sketches with some master cartoonist. In the TV section, compare the video performances of the last five Prime Ministers. And then look through an adjacent window to find a Spitting Image puppet of Margaret Thatcher. Scariest than Mother Bates.

Do MOMI's strolling players help create the suspension of disbelief necessary to any moviegoing experience, or do they shatter it? Are some of the smaller exhibits at AMMI miracles of condensation, or just perfunctory? And is there, somewhere, a place for a movie museum untainted by the glam-bam Disney World touch? These are questions to ponder on a second or 17th visit to two dazzling show palaces. The lights are on. The cameras are in place. MOMI and AMMI deserve the action.

—By Richard Corliss

People

The face was a fresh one, but the features were familiar: a Kennedy grinning in victory. Last week **Patrick Kennedy**, 21, the youngest son of Massachusetts Senator **Ted Kennedy** and his ex-wife **Joan**, won a Demo-

cratic primary election for the Rhode Island legislature. Since there is no Republican opponent for the seat, Patrick automatically wins the job. He joins his cousin U.S. Representative **Joseph Kennedy Jr.**, 35, as part of the latest generation of the clan to hold office. The Providence College junior got



Clan victory: Patrick Kennedy flanked by Parents Ted and Joan

Perhaps, but the part-time post is hardly a career. Kennedy will receive a salary of some \$300 a year.

To win the U.S. Open **Mats Wilander**, 24, spent a grueling 4 hr. 55 min., a record-length match. Last week the Swedish

native revealed his secret for overcoming exhaustion on the court. Said he: "You try and exaggerate your footwork." Since his victory Wilander has had trouble keeping his sneakers on the ground. First he celebrated with a pasta dinner at a Manhattan restaurant and later appeared on a TV news show and *Late Night with David Letterman*. Now he plans to spend some time relaxing with his wife **Sonya**, 26, at their Greenwich, Conn., home, where he occasionally plays the guitar and sings "only for myself." Being No. 1 "feels a little different," says the laid-back ace, "but now I just want to try and play as if nothing happened."

Although he built an entertainment empire on sexual

fantasy, **Hugh Hefner**, 62, once said that "business doesn't light my fire." But the bottom line is a burning passion for Daughter **Christie Hefner**, 35. In the six years she has overseen Playboy Enterprises while Hef has savored semiretirement, Christie has pulled the floundering company out of the red. Her success will be formalized in November when she will be named chairman and chief executive, titles currently held by her father. Her plans for the future lie in marketing the Playboy franchise abroad, particularly in the East bloc. Says Hefner: "It will be possible to buy Playboy jeans in Russia." Better save some rubles, Raisa.

After a victory leap on the Atlantic City beach, newly crowned Miss America **Gretchen Elizabeth Carlson**, 22, was pressed to reveal a host of vital facts about her weight (a former "blimp"), her favorite food (sushi) and her sex life ("no comment"). Last week the 5-ft. 3½-in. Minnesotan enjoyed a less exposed moment when she previewed some of the outfits she will wear during the year. Despite the miniskirt craze, the high-spirited Carlson favors low hemlines. "I had a heck of a time finding an interview outfit that had a



Jumping for joy: Miss America

satisfied with being coined that way."

Last year **Tom Selleck**, 43, displayed a gift for clowning in *Three Men and a Cradle*. In the upcoming film *Her Alibi*, he turns in another magnum performance. Selleck portrays Novelist Phillip Blackwood, who is smitten at first glance by Nina, an accused murderess played by Czech Model Turned Actress **Paulina Porizkova** (Anna). Phillip provides her an alibi; just to prove her gratitude, Nina almost runs him down with a car, but he still follows her into a clown convention. For Porizkova, 23, the role was a relief. Says she: "I didn't have to wear a swimsuit, thank God." Well, no, but as Selleck says, "There's got to be some skin. This is a film about sexual tension." Translation: Porizkova's natural gifts do not go entirely to waste.

—By J.D. Reed, Reported by Joannie Park/New York



Clowning around: *Alibi*'s Porizkova and Selleck

longer skirt," she says. Adds the scholar, who plans to finish her bachelor's degree at Stanford University as soon as her reign is over: "I heard someone say they thought that I would be remembered as the smart Miss America. I'm perfectly



String section: Mats Wilander

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